# Mirror of Life

RATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

. 1. [Entered at Stationer's Hall.] LONDON: JANUARY 6, 1894. PRICE FOUR PENCE.

"COME BACK, 'CHAPPIE.' NO DOGS ALLOWED IN THIS CAFE."

**The Sad Plight of a Swell who was Taught a Forcible Common Sense Lesson.**


The British Library

The Mirror of Life
ALL UP-TO-DATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING COMPANY,
108, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.

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WE present to the public the first issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, a weekly, designed to illustrate in an accurate way all the leading events of the day. In meeting with the requirements of the public, expense will be a secondary consideration, and our confidence in the ultimate success of our efforts will be fully established. The field to be covered by THE MIRROR OF LIFE is foreign to that of any other publication in the United Kingdom; hence we do not conflict with any of the many newspapers now established.

Vivid sketches will be produced from week to week, by the very best artists obtainable, of all happenings of a sensational nature, besides the portraits of people prominent in sports, in its various branches, and theatricals.

Boxing will be given precedence over all other sport, and every encouragement possible shown to advance its popularity. While the results of the various athletic contests will not be given in detail, comments of a readable nature will be published.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE will have for one of its features letters relating to sporting matters in the United States and the Colonies of Australasia, a correspondence having been arranged for in those countries.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE is in the field as an organ to interest the sportsman, theatrical man, and all who appreciate first-class illustrations and bright reading matter.

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THE MIRROR OF LIFE will have no favourites to boom, but will treat all whom are mentioned in its columns in an impartial manner.

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THE MIRROR OF LIFE should be kept on file at all Hotels, Public Houses, Restaurants, Hairdressing establishments, &c., for the benefit of customers.

## ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

WITH No. 4 of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, which will be on sale Wednesday, January 24, we will give gratis an excellent lithograph of James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell, in a ring, showing the men in the act of clinching. The production will be in eight colours and taken from a design drawn by one of the most ablest artists in America. It will be 16in by 11in and make an excellent picture for framing.

Though the picture will be an exceedingly expensive one no extra charge will be made for that issue. It is our intention to at all times give to our readers full value for their money, and in the near future an arrangement will be perfected to distribute costly works of art at intervals of four weeks.

### "The Mirror of Life,

though partly of American production, is published in London, and preferring to give English people English work we are having the lithograph of

**Corbett and Mitchell**

engraved and printed in London instead of seeking cheaper work on the Continent. Considering the stagnant state of trade, it is no more than just to have such work done in the country which helps support the paper.

## MR. ALFRED ALLISON.

**Eminent Sporting Journalist.**

*(With Portrait.)*

IT would be a difficult matter to produce a newspaper man in any portion of the globe who does not know by reputation Mr. Alfred Allison, the popular writer, who edits and manages the *Sporting Times* and the *Man of the World*.

There are but few real good journalists who possess thorough business ability, especially amongst those who make sporting matters a specialty, but Mr. Allison is an exception to the rule.

He has been Editor of the *Sportsman* and other leading papers in England during the past twenty-five years, and has always commanded the respect of every one who has come in contact with him. Mr. Allison is a genial fellow, who is loyal to his friends, and it would be necessary to travel many miles to find a man who does not speak highly of him.

## HARRY HUTCHINS.

**The Sprinter who has won many big Handicaps.**

*(With Portrait.)*

WE present this week a portrait of the famous Harry Hutchins, who is conceded to be the fastest short distance runner England has ever produced. His record is too well known to necessitate enumerating his various performances; suffice to say that Hutchins has contended in races in England, America, and Australia, and is to-day conceded to be as good a man as he was when he won his first Sheffield handicap, over fourteen years ago.

## THE THICK EAR RACKET N.G.

**A Place where the "Profesh" is not recognised.**

*(With Portrait.)*

WHEN a boxing contest is on the *tapis* managers are pestered to death with the thick-eared gentry braving their way in. There is one place in Manchester where the "Profesh" have to settle or stay out. At a meeting recently, one of the element so distasteful tried to obtain admission, and, when refused, his language became more forcible than eloquent. Patience ceased to be a virtue with the ticket-taker, who ordered the intruder away. Without a word of warning, the man standing at his post of duty received a right-hander on the nose, which he will long remember. He was game, however, and exclaimed, "The thick-ear racket is N.G.; and if you get in here you will settle." The rough was settled by a police officer, who arrived just as he was about to repeat the dose on the surprised door-keeper.

## SHIRTS IRONED WHILE YOU WAIT.

**A Practical Test Made of a Laundry Sign.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE swell young man who is the owner of a solitary shirt can now find solace in the fact that he can have its bosom ironed without removing the garment from his body. A west-end swell found himself recently the possessor of a single shirt with a badly rumpled bosom. Having on hand a theatre party for the evening he visited a laundry to have it ironed post-haste. Discarding his spike-tail coat and waistcoat he lie on the ironing board to pass through the ordeal. One laundress grasped the watering can to sprinkle the bosom whilst the other attendant passed the iron across his chest. The situation was anything but pleasant for the victim, who, however, had consolation in knowing that a polish was put on the front which was the envy of his male companions in the evening.

MOSES: "Make an oxamination off me, I'm tead."

Doctor: "It will cost you a sovereign."

Moses: "Make it ten bob."

Doctor (after examination): "You have a stone in the bladder."

Moses: "Mine gracious, doctor, is it a tiamond?"

## BOXING IN AMERICA.

### Where Princely Purses are Offered.

**The Greatest Fistic Carnival the World Ever Saw.**

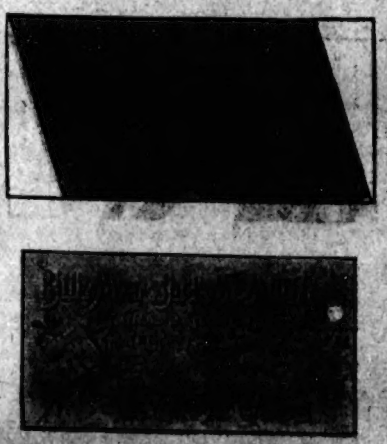
**Nearly £9,000 Given for Three Fights in One Week.**

IT has been pretty clearly proven that when a first-class pugilist from any part of the world seeks a small fortune for a purse for a boxing contest he must go to the United States, and if successful in two or three matches it is not necessary for him to take on a job for some time thereafter. Within the last three years the wealthy clubs in various parts of the States have been gradually increasing the amount of money to be given for a fight, so that at the present time it is a difficult task to induce even a second-rate pugilist to do battle short of a £300 purse; but the limit has been reached, and the extortionate demands of the fighters have caused a general shut-down in many of the large cities.

In places where contests were liberally patronised in days gone by, clubs have been forced to disband mainly on account of jealousy cropping out between the rival organisations who bid against each other for fights. Influence was brought to bear on the police authorities, who invariably ordered a general suspension on future battles. Had clubs worked more in unison there is no question but that purses would not have reached such fabulous sums, and less magisterial interference would have been the result.

Less than a dozen years ago £200 was considered a liberal purse, and it was then necessary for the fighters to cater to New York sports in order to receive such a liberal amount. In those days members of New York swell society generally banded together and contributed £5 or £10 each, making a party of about twenty-five, so that out of the £250 subscribed, £200 went to the fighters, and £50 to defray any expense incurred in bringing the match to a decision. The San Francisco clubs were the first to advance the size of purse given, and for a time matters progressed serenely until the rival organisations started bidding against each other for matches, and a general close down was the result.

When pugilism received its black eye in that city the Olympic Club of New Orleans, came to the front and inaugurated boxing matches for purses which were much larger than any ever given in any portion of the world. During the first week of September, 1892, nearly £9,000 was given for three matches; the contestants being John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett, for the heavy-weight championship of the world; Billy Myer and Jack McAuliffe, for the light-weight title; and George Dixon (coloured) and Jack Skelly, for the feather-weight honours. The Club received during the three nights of the carnival close on £20,000 in cash for admission and reserved seats, netting a handsome profit on the venture. No expense was spared in making the tourney a success, and to guard against having counterfeit tickets made, special plates were engraved for each night's tickets. We reproduce a facsimile of the tickets used on that occasion:—



Dissension was the result amongst the club members over such a prosperous work, and one faction started a rival organisation, trying to outclass the older club in bids for prospective contests. The newly organised club finally secured a meeting between Bob Fitzsimmons, the middle-weight wonder, and Jack Hall, and guaranteed a purse of 40,000 dollars; but as that match failed to create the enthusiasm anticipated, it proved a failure financially, and Fitzsimmons, as a winner, only received a portion of the money which was guaranteed. The institution was shortly after declared bankrupt, and was the means of killing off future matches for the Crescent City.

The Columbian club of Roby, Indiana, cropped up, under the management of Dominick O'Malley, who had several important contests decided there for liberal purses; but the members of the press and citizens of the town protested so persistently against boxing, and at one meeting fire-arms were used by some of the audience over a local disturbance, that the authorities stopped such contests, and principals in the two previous matches were indicted by the grand jury, creating considerable trouble and expence for the unfortunates.

The Coney Island Club of New York had a very good run for a spell, and matches of importance were decided there undisturbed by the police through the influence of the directors of the club, who constituted the reigning power in politics. Agreeing to give 40,000 dollars for a purse for James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell was the means of creating so much newspaper notoriety that the clergymen and the press openly denounced the bringing off of such a display of brutality as a dastardly outrage on a civilised community. The general feeling against the meeting became so pronounced that the club finally declared the match off.

The Duval Athletic Club of Jacksonville, Florida, may have a four months' existence, but it is doubtful if any matches occur there after the one between James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell for the championship. It will mean that pugilists in future must accept purses of from £100 to £400, and decide their matches under the auspices of smaller clubs.

## COME BACK, CHAPPIE, NO DOGS ALLOWED IN THIS CAFE.

**The sad Plight of a Swell who was Taught a Forcible Common-sense Lesson.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE fad of leading a dog through the streets and into public places has become about as obnoxious as it has fashionable. In crowded thoroughfares it is a decided nuisance to pedestrians to dodge the pet dogs led out for strolls on pleasant afternoons; more attention is bestowed upon them than upon children. The most ridiculous object of humanity is that of what is called a man lolling along Piccadilly as though he were treading on eggs, carrying in one hand a cane, the size of a lamp-post, and in the other the ring of a chain leading a pet cur of some doubtful breed, presenting the appearance of a mop cloth.

A wise rule was enacted when the railway officials posted a demand that dogs should not ride in carriages with human beings, and the pets would only receive transportation when the owner paid its fare. Many of the restaurants are alive to the fact that a dog's presence is disagreeable, particularly where sausages are sold as a speciality, and have stringent rules prohibiting canines of any description being brought into the place. A fair sample of an enforcement of the rule was displayed recently at a West End cafe at the busiest hour of the day, when a person, presenting the appearance of a clothing store sign, paraded toward the tables leading a small sized terrier. He had just got past the cashier, and the lady performing those duties, being too late to head him off, reached out a cane from under the counter; shoving the handle end down the swell's neck, gave a pull which brought the man to the desk, his silk hat darting through the air with his eyeglass on a chase after it. "Come back, Chappie," she exclaimed, "no dogs allowed in this cafe." The victim protested the treatment dealt out to him, and then made himself scarce, to the amusement of all present.

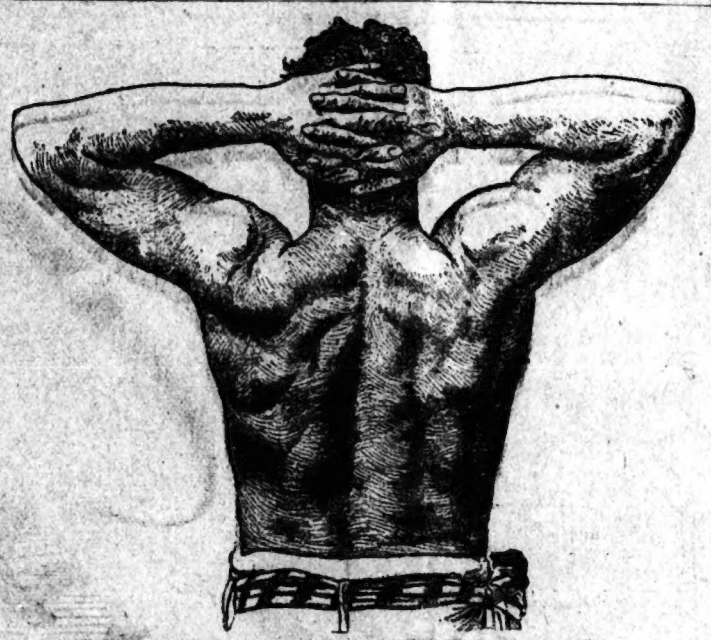
## CHARLES MITCHELL.

In Repose.

Display of Chest Muscles.

Mitchell with Muscles Relaxed.

Mitchell's Right Arm Muscles.



Mitchell's Back Muscles in Display.

## CORBETT—MITCHELL.

**Their Physical Measurements — What They have to say—Opinions of Others.**

Now that it is reasonably certain that James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell will meet at Jacksonville, Florida, on or about Thursday, January 25, and decide who is entitled to the champion of the world and the purse of 20,000dols, it will be of interest to the British public to know more of the principals in the great contest. It is quite eighteen months ago since these men met in a public-house adjoining a variety theatre in the Bowery, New York City, when a wordy warfare ensued over Corbett getting a match with John L. Sullivan instead of Mitchell, who had gone to the States with Frank Slavin on a boxing trip. At that time Mitchell was talking fight with Sullivan, but was inclined to be backward in making arrangements mutually satisfactory. As in most cases, delay proved dangerous, and Corbett, by a shrewd manœuvre, got a meeting arranged and money posted, greatly to the disgust of Mitchell. The latter, to display his disappointment, visited the theatre where Corbett was exhibiting to indulge in a warfare of words which, but for timely intervening of friends, would have resulted in an off-hand battle. Since then Corbett has at all times expressed the greatest contempt for Mitchell, and declined to fight any one until such times as he and the Englishman met and decided their differences. The match has now been on the tapis for some time, and as the day draws near excitement on both sides of the Atlantic increases. Though the contest is creating unbounded interest, strange to say there has been but little speculation on the result, and any wager which may have been made has been odds on the American, whom many people regard as invincible. He has undoubtedly improved since he so decisively defeated the great John L., and his quiet and gentlemanly demeanour has created a host of admirers, who are prepared to bank a small-sized fortune on his chances. When Corbett first started out as a pugilist he was employed as a clerk in a bank in San Francisco, who had not at that time shown any great amount of physical development. His drawn battle with Peter Jackson took place when Corbett was but a novice. Since then he has filled out and gained experience as a boxer which would reflect credit on much older heads. Being but twenty-six years of age, and having at all times taken the best care of his health, he is therefore fit to fight for a kingdom. It is doubtful if he enters the Ring scaling much below 14st, and for a man of his weight and inches his agility is marvellous.

Mitchell is now thirty-two years of age, and though he has had much more ring experience than Corbett, it is an open question if the idle life he has led since he met Sullivan at Chantilly, France, is not against his chances for success.

For the benefit of our readers we produce a table of measurements of both men taken the middle of December, and may be regarded as correct:—

| | Corbett. | | Mitchell. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Ft. | In | Ft | In. |
| Height | 6 | 1 | 5 | 8½ |
| Chest | 0 | 42½ | 0 | 44½ |
| Expansion | 0 | 2¾ | 0 | 3½ |
| Neck | 0 | 18 | 0 | 20 |
| Biceps | 0 | 15½ | 0 | 16½ |
| Forearm | 0 | 14½ | 0 | 12 |
| Reach | 0 | 34 | 0 | 30 |
| Width of Shoulders | 0 | 24 | 0 | 26 |
| Waist | 0 | 39 | 0 | 35 |
| Thigh | 0 | 25 | 0 | 24 |
| Calf | 0 | 17 | 0 | 16½ |

It will be seen by the above table that from a physical point of view Mitchell is the best developed man, but is at a disadvantage as regards height, weight, and reach, essential points requisite for a man in a fight. Speaking of the coming match Mitchell says: "It is true that I may be entirely mistaken as regards the American's ability as a fighter, but if it turns out so it is not difficult to see who will be the heaviest loser. I have been sincere in this matter all along, and defy any man to prove that this statement is not borne out by facts. In my time I have probably been roasted in the newspapers more than any other athlete, but this has not affected my health to any alarming extent, as Mr. Corbett will probably find out. If I am beaten I shall ask no favours from anybody, but shall take my defeat as a sportsman should. On the other hand, if the unexpected should happen, and I think it will, I promise the American public that I shall not become an actor, unless a particularly interesting comedy is written for me. I won't star in melodrama or comedy-drama at any price."

**Echoes About the Men.**

Dominick O'Malley, manager of the defunct Columbian Club, of Roby, Ind., is authority for a statement that Corbett and Mitchell, instead of fighting for a 20,000 dollar purse, are to receive 55 per cent. of the gross gate receipts.

Charles Mitchell was recently sued at Philadelphia, U.S.A., by Dr. John A. Dougherty, who seeks to recover 2,500 dols., which he claims to have been due him when he backed and managed Slavin and Mitchell in America some two years ago. Dougherty is a man who is worth close on to £50,000, and has been the backer of Dominick McCaffrey and other pugilists.

Jack McAuliffe, light-weight pugilist, who was here last spring and crossed to the States with Mitchell, has had a falling out with the latter, and now declares that Corbett will win. McAuliffe's opinion is of but little moment when it is to be taken into consideration that he generally grasps the hand of the one who serves his purpose for the time being to the best advantage of McAuliffe.

Mitchell takes rather a philosophical view of his coming fight. He says:—"I am giving away weight, reach, and weight, but I don't care. I have fetched them down before when they have been six inches taller and weighed twice as much. When I fought Sullivan I only weighed 143lb, and I used to feel then that there was no man in the world who could beat me. Sullivan was only between me and the championship of the world in those days. I don't see then why I haven't got a chance against Corbett. My money says I will score the first knock down, and that Corbett does all the running and I do the most of the fighting at the outset."

Dan Creedon, the Australian, who is to fight Joe Choynski, speaking of Corbett says:—"You can't hit him, no matter how hard you may try. Sometimes when you think you have him, his head slips to one side, and before you know anything, he has landed a punch. I pity Mitchell when he faces Jim. He is practising a blow just now which will make the Briton sick. It is a double left-handed blow, and Corbett says he is sure to land it nine times out of ten."

Corbett is in strict training at Mayport, a beach resort near Jacksonville. His training quarters consist of three cottages situated about 500 yards from the water's edge, and will be occupied by the champion and his party. When asked what tactics he would pursue in the forthcoming fight, he said:

"That depends altogether upon Mitchell's behaviour in the ring at the start. I shall be guided wholly by the way he fights, but will be prepared to meet him at every turn. I don't know what style of fight Mitchell proposes to put up, but he can't use any drop-away tactics on me. I can run a little myself when it is necessary. If Mitchell sees that he can't win the contest fairly, he will use all foul and dirty means that he can devise.

"Some persons call Mitchell 'foxy,' I call him underhanded. He is not 'foxy,' because you can see through him. When he promised to put up 10,000 dols. he wanted to take 5,000 dols. down. I don't call that 'foxy.'

"It was proposed by some of my friends here that I should be arrested and released on bonds. The case would hang over until after the fight. I telegraphed 'No.' If I had consented it would have been just like Mitchell to slip on board of a steamship and skip off to Europe, saying that I had gone and got myself arrested to avoid fighting. But Mitchell has got to fight, and he knows it. I have no doubt but that he will fight when the day comes.

"I'm in good shape even now for a fight, but need to pay particular attention to my wind. This may be a more tiresome fight than I had with Sullivan, but I shall train with this in view. I am going to begin work at once with a fifteen-mile walk every day, carrying my fifteen pound cane. I shall box, wrestle, play handball; in fact, do anything I feel like.

"I know that I can outbox Mitchell, and I'll be mighty sure when I go into the ring with him that he can't wind me. You will see, I think, a short, easy fight."

Mitchell says: "If I win I shall put 10,000 dols. of the money aside for the poor; 2,500 dols. to the needy of Jacksonville, 2,500 dols. to the poor of St. Louis, 2,500 dols. to the New York poor, and 2,500 dols. to the sufferers in Boston. I am below 180 pounds, and shall fight at between 175 and 180 pounds."

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Snapper Garrison, the prominent American jockey, has been selected as official timekeeper for the fight.

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Peter Jackson's theatrical engagements will prevent his witnessing the battle, but his manager, Parson Davies, will be there to watch Corbett's style carefully, and advise Peter when the latter meets Corbett next summer.

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Col. John Hopkins, Dan Creedon's manager, has received word from the Duval A.C. of Jacksonville, that the club will give an 8,000-dollar purse for Creedon and Bob Fitzsimmons, if the latter will agree to face Creedon at 11st 4lb. It is proposed to have the battle take place the night preceding the Corbett-Mitchell contest.

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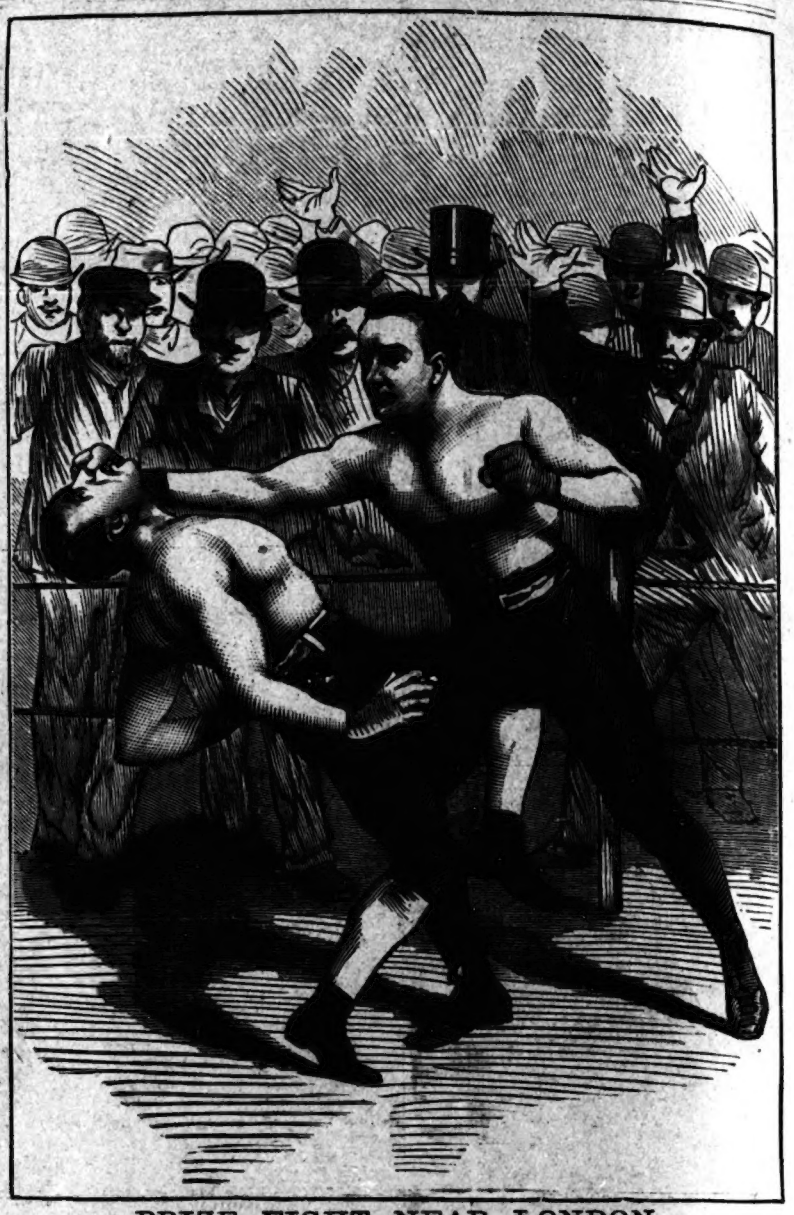
Ed. Smith, the Denver pugilist who beat Australian Goddard, says that Mitchell will beat Corbett, and the Englishman will then be whipped by Sullivan, who will die the champion. Smith says he will go to Jacksonville, and will challenge the victor at the ring side.

ON HIS MUSCLE.

THE THICK EAR RACKET DON'T GO.

A Tough tries to obtain Admission on the Strength of a Right-hander.



PRIZE FIGHT NEAR LONDON.

ONE CASE WHERE MARRIAGE PROVED A FAILURE.

A Henpecked Husband Exhibits Implements used by a Vixen Mate to secure a Warrant of Arrest.

"SHIRTS IRONED WHILE YOU WAIT."

FIVE ACES CAUSE FIVE DEATHS.

**A Card Sharp causes a Free Fight, which results in Five Deaths.**

# HOLIDAY SPORTS.

## Harper a hot 'un.

**He wins a Sheffield hands down.**

**A future Scratch Man.**

**Smith wins at Newcastle.**

**Millard gets the Plum at Manchester.**

**Sprinting on the Revive.**

**Gaudaur wants to row Sullivan.**

THE 202 yards £100 Christmas handicap, which was decided at Sheaf House Grounds, Sheffield, December 27 and 28, brought forward Charles Harper, who will probably figure in the near future as a scratch man in handicaps. Though betting on the event was not so heavy as on those decided a few years ago, it was brisk, and will be remembered as one of the best post betting handicaps ever decided at Sheffield. It will be distinctly remembered as the second Christmas handicap won by Charley Harper, of Bulwell, and also as the one which, in all probability, introduced Harper to the public as the future champion sprint runner of England. With the single exception of Harry Gent, of Darlington, Harper started the hottest favourite ever known for a final heat of a Sheffield Handicap. When Gent won the Whitsuntide Handicap of 1887, at Queen's Grounds, the odds of 100 to 5 were laid on him for the final heat, whilst pencillers would not accept less than 100 to 7 on Harper. The seventy-seven entries comprised the pick of the English sprinters, whilst America was represented by three good class men—Doyle, who ran third for the last Doncaster Handicap, Steve Farrell (who will be remembered as having won the July Handicap of 1889 in the name of E. S. Donovan), and Dan Scully, who has never yet performed well at Sheffield. Australia sent two representatives in W. E. Joy (late Edwards), of Cowling, and T. G. Agnew (late T. Barnes), of Stepney. Joy ran second to W. Schofield for the Whitsuntide Handicap at this enclouse, and Agnew had won a small handicap at Sheffield. There was a strong infusion of fresh blood which is so badly needed in Sheffield handicaps, the card containing the names of 11 men who had never previously entered for a big handicap at the cutlery capital. Those who were successful in the trial heats drew as follows in the second round: Heat 1: C. Ashton, Newton Heath, 85½ yards start; T. Sladen, Derby, 86½; J. Broad, Stalybridge, 86; T. G. Agnew, Australia (late Barnes, Stepney), 85. Heat 2: W. E. Joy, Australia (late Edwards, Cowling), 83 yards start; C. Harper, Bulwell, 82½; G. Grant, Edinburgh, 81½; E. Farrell (late Donovan), America, 82½. Heat 3: T. Hawksley, Sheffield, 87½ yards start; D. Sculley, America, 84; E. Holden, Halliwell, 86½. Heat 4: J. W. Jackson, Hull, 87½ yards start; S. Shephard, Rochdale, 86; F. Handley, Sheffield, 87½. For the final heat, Harper, Holden, Agnew, and Jackson were entitled to start, and the betting ruled 100 to 7 on Harper, 100 to 6 agst Agnew, 100 to 5 agst Jackson, and 100 to 1 agst Holden. It was ten minutes past four o'clock when the quartette went to their marks, the positions being—Holden, No. 1; Jackson, No. 2; Agnew, No. 3; and Harper, No. 4. Harper made no mistake, as when the pistol cracked he left his mark in grand form, and when sixty yards had been covered he was alongside Agnew and Jackson. A little further on he gave Holden the go-by, and thirty yards from the tape he was in front. From this to the finish the Bulwell ped, who finished at a terrific rate, ran right away from his struggling opponents and passed the post a big three yards in front of the outsider Holden, who managed to defeat Agnew by a foot for second place, whilst Jackson, who pulled up when he was passed by Harper, finished two yards in the rear of Agnew. Time, 11 4-5sec. Final heat: C. Harper, Bulwell, 82½ yards start (£80), 1; E. Holden, Halliwell, 86½ (£12 10s.), 2; T. G. Agnew, Australia (late Barnes, Stepney), 85 (£5), 3: J. W. Jackson, Hull, 87½ (£2 10s.), 4. Charley Harper, who is a native of Bulwell, near Nottingham, is twenty-four years of age, stands 5ft 9½in, and weighs in costume 12st 2lb. He commenced his career by winning the £15 Christmas Handicap of 1887, at the Castle Grounds, Nottingham, after which he was placed under the management of Mr. William Hincheliffe, of Sheffield, and under the guidance of the above-named gentleman Harper, with 86½ yards start, won the £100 202-Yards Christmas Handicap of 1890, over the same path on which he proved the winner of the above. The principal bet secured at Sheffield by Mr. Hincheliffe about Harper was one of £800 to £200, which was laid by Cutler and Mick Simmonite on conditions that they had the run of the market. Harper was trained by Fred Bromley, of Sheffield, who will be remembered as the trainer of the champion long-distance pedestrian of the world, George Littlewood. Harper underwent his preparation from Mr. Frank Walker's, Hope Inn, Market Place, Brigg, where he met with every attention.

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THE final heats of the 130 yards foot handicap, for which the lessees of the Victoria Grounds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, offered £100 in prizes, were decided on December 25, before a large crowd of spectators, and proved the most successful handicap ever held in that district. Results:—Heat 1: T. Cockburn, (15 yards start), 1; M. Story, Crook (16½), 2; F. Johnson, Winlaton (17), 3; and J. Davison, Sunderland (19½), 4. Won by a yard. Heat 2: E. Smith, Newcastle, (21½ yards start), 1; A. Snowdon, Newcastle (20½), 2; J. Howard, Newcastle (18½), 3; and G. Goodchild, Ryhope (19½), 4. Won by a yard. Heat 3: W. Straughan, Newcastle (22 yards start), 1; D. Fisher, Newcastle (20½), 2; R. Stark, Jarrow (22), 3; and T. Coulson, Newcastle (21), 4. Won by two yards. Heat 4: G. Lindsay, Ousebburn (19½ yards start), 1; C. Mallen, Newcastle (20), 2; J. Clifford, Sunderland (20), 3; and E. McLaughlin, Newcastle (21), 4. Won by half a yard. Final heat: Smith, 1; Lindsay, 2; Straughan, 3; Cockburn, 4. Betting: 9 to 4 on Lindsay, 9 to 4 agst Smith, 100 to 8 agst Straughan, and 33 to 1 agst Cockburn. Won on the post; a yard between second and third, with the fourth close up.

* * *

THE interest in foot handicaps is again on the increase, a fact which was demonstrated at the Manchester racecourse December 23 and 26, when the 130 yards handicap for £110 in cash prizes, given by the Manchester Pedestrian Company, was decided. On the last day there were fully 3,000 people present, and betting was decidedly brisk, T. J. Millard was made the favourite, though even money could be obtained against him up to the start of the final heat, when the odds ruled 2 to 1 on. The result of the final heat follows:—T. J. Millard, Crouch End, 12½ yards start, 1; S. Stockton, Harpurhey, 17½, 2; L. Massey, Dunston, 10½, 3; R. Kennedy, Lower Broughton, 15, 0; J. Briscoe, Leigh, 16½, 0; R. W. Jackson, Hull, 14½, 0; C. Ransom, Wood Green, 9½, 0; D. Scully, America, 11, 0; S. Farrell, America, 9½, 0. Time returned was two yards inside of 12sec.

* * *

THE 300 yards handicap run off on the same day resulted in a win for R. Smith (one arm), who had 41 yards start; J. Lydon, Manchester, 45 yards, was second; and G. Bracigirdle, Salford, 44 yards, third. Time, 31½sec. The prize list amounted to £20. Steve Farrell, of America, held the 4-yard mark, and was beaten in the trial heat.

* * *

F. BRUTON, of Dudley, and William Homer, of Cradley, have signed articles to run 120 yards, Bruton to receive one yard start, for £25 a-side, on January 22, at Lea Brook Grounds.

* * *

HARRY HUTCHENS, of Putney, has agreed to concede George Bevell four yards start in a 130-yard race the latter part of January for £100 a-side, at a place to be hereafter agreed upon.

* * *

A. RUTTER, of Willenhall, conceded T. Richards, of Wolverhampton, four yards start in a 100 yards race, at Victoria Grounds, Wolverhampton, December 26, for £10, and won by half a yard.

* * *

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the father of long-distance pedestrianism, has been trying to revive the game in the States. His latest move has been to walk from New York City to Albany. Weston, who is fifty-four years of age, was the first one to introduce "wobbling" in England nearly, if not quite, fifteen years ago, and created quite a sensation. It is over twenty years ago since he first infused life into endurance walking in the States, being previous to that time a newspaper reporter in the States.

* * *

STEVE FARRELL, the American sprinter, making head-quarters at Tom Wright's, in Leicester, is one of the few runners who can run all distances from 100 to 1,000 yards in fast time. He is a much faster man than L. E. Myers was in his best day.

# Aquatics.

THE half-mile open boat handicap, promoted by Cook and Owen, was brought to a successful decision on the Tyne, December 30. Favourable weather brought large crowds to the Tyneside annual aquatic contest, which was the incentive of a great deal of local interest. For the final 5 to 4 was laid on Drummond, and after a grand struggle from start to finish the favourite got home by only 3ft. The officials were: Referee, T. Winship; starter, J. Lowes; distance judge, J. Evans. Semi-Final Round.—Heat 1: G. Drummond, Mushroom R.C., 25sec start, first; G. Anderson, Hebburn, 22, second; G. Grey, Jarrow, 23, third. Betting: 11 to 8 on Drummond, 3 to 1 agst Anderson, and 4 to 1 agst Grey. Drummond led throughout, and won by two lengths. After a good race for second place Anderson beat Grey by half a length. Heat 2: S. Maxwell, Walker, 25sec start, first; W. Haines, Old Windsor, 15, second; W. A. Barry, London, 16, 0. Betting: 7 to 4 on Maxwell, 7 to 4 agst Haines, 12 to 1 agst Barry offered. Maxwell got a start of seven lengths, and though Haines rowed a magnificent race he could only rub four lengths off the Walkerman's lead, Maxwell eventually winning by [illegible] Haines easing when he saw he [illegible] time to catch his man. Barry [illegible] the half distance. Final heat: Drummond first; Maxwell, second. Betting: [illegible] on Drummond. Maxwell led [illegible] at Skinnerburn, but Drummond rowed him down in the last part of the journey, and won an exciting race by three feet.

* * *

JAKE GAUDAUR, the sculler, has issued a challenge to row any man in America a single scull race for any part of 2,500 dol. a-side, to take place at Austin, Tex., in eight weeks from signing articles, or next spring, on any course agreed upon. He further says that if Tom Sullivan, the champion oarsman of New Zealand, accepts, John Crotty of Austin will give a purse to go with the stakes, and Sullivan will be allowed expenses.

* * *

WALLACE ROSS, the oarsman, sailed from Southampton for New York on the s.s. *Paris*, December 30. Ross came here to participate in Captain Boyton's Water Show and scored quite a hit. He will probably return and take part in Boyton's show which will have a run at Antwerp.

* * *

BAT MURPHY, patron of aquatic sports, is seriously ill and arrangements have been made to get him a testimonial.

* * *

THE Serpentine Swimming Club Christmas Morning Handicap was satisfactorily decided December 25, in the presence of a large number of spectators. Twenty-three started, and, with one exception, all gained a bronze medal for finishing the course, which was, as usual, 100 yards. The winner turned up in G. S. Tucker, who scored his third success, his previous victories being in 1878 and 1882.

# Knights of the Razor.

JAMES RYMER, of 47, Harford Street, Mile End, London, who claims to have a record of shaving 100 faces in 48min 45sec, accomplished in London, October 25, 1887, when he easily vanquished Teddy Wick's previous records, desires to meet William Lloyd in a contest for £25 a-side and the championship.

* * *

SOME people find it a difficult task to take a defeat gracefully. As an instance we quote Teddy Wick, who, since he was beaten by William Lloyd, at the Royal Aquarium, seeks another contest with Lloyd, and intimates that practical barbers must be the judges in a future match. While he is hungering for a go with Lloyd, he appears to be blind to the fact that James Rymer has a deposit of £5 posted to bind a match with him. Wick and Rymer should contest and the winner meet Lloyd. Such a match as the last named would create considerable interest, and cause the knights of the razor to lay their pieces on their favourite.

# Miscellaneous Sports.

THE Athletic Club at Waltham, Mass., U.S.A., is to have the greatest bicycle track in the country next year. The surface will be of metallic blocks. Experts say that a surface of this kind will bring out the maximum speed of all the fast riders. The track will be perfectly water and absolutely without a crack. The weather will in no way affect it.

* * *

A JUMPING match for £25 a-side took place at the Moorfield Grounds, Bailsworth, on Christmas Day, between Tom Burrows, of Nelson, and Brown's Novice, of Glasgow, at run, two hops, and jump. M'Donald (the Novice) was supported at various prices, from 6 to 4 agst to 4 to 1. Burrows won, the Scotchman being unable to get level after the Englishman's first jump. J. Gorton was the referee.

* * *

MR. T. J. CASHMORE, of Birmingham, is in New Zealand introducing the Cashmore pigeon gun there with success. He states that trade in that colony is brightening up considerably of late, and whilst the interest in horse-racing is not so great as it is in other colonies of Australia, the sporting element patronise in a liberal way competitions in pigeon shooting and field sports. Mr. Cashmore makes his headquarters at Sydney, N.S.W., but contemplates ere long to go to the United States in the interest of the gun he represents, and then return to Birmingham for a short stay.

* * *

THE six days' bicycle race which terminated at Madison Square Garden, New York, December 30, was won by Al Schock, of Chicago, who covered 1,600 miles, and lowered all previous records. Waller was second, and Martin third.

# SEEN AND HEARD.

FREDERICK GEBHARD has begun a suit in the Supreme Court, New York, U.S.A., against Charles W. Aby, who formerly managed his stock farm, Guenos, at Middletown, Cal., and is now manager of Mrs. Lily Langtry's farm adjoining. Mr. Gebhard alleges that Aby sold stock belonging to the farm without making an accounting beyond two statements, which are alleged by the plaintiff to be false. It is charged that Aby disposed of hogs, cattle, and horses to ranchmen and made no return, and that he charged a false list of expenses to Gebhard. Aby was discharged last June. It is declared that he owes Mr. Gebhard 12,932 dols. Aby denies all of the allegations, and says that Mr. Gebhard took away the books by force, so that it is impossible for him to make an accurate accounting, and that Mr. Gebhard owes him 2,000 dols.

* * *

IT is advisable that an order for THE MIRROR OF LIFE, booked with your newsagent in advance, will avoid disappointment. Should you be unable to obtain copies of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, please notify us, and send name of newsagent whom you deal with.

* * *

THE MIRROR OF LIFE illustrations will be executed in a striking way, and no expense will be spared to produce perfect work, because only the very best artists will be employed.

* * *

WHAT we know:—That THE MIRROR OF LIFE will have its extra-colour lithograph of Corbett and Mitchell, to be given as a supplement with the issue of Wednesday, January 24, engraved and printed in England by English workmen. Encourage home industry and revive trade.

* * *

IN South America ladies chain brilliant-hued beetles to their corsages; but the ladies of San Francisco have stolen a march on their Southern sisters, and have "gone one for" little chameleons, with golden collars and chains.

* * *

A SOCIETY of ladies has been formed in Chicago, each member of which is pledged to discontinue, and to do her utmost to suppress in others, the habit of rum-chewing, so common among the fair sex of America.

* * *

IN a certain Scotch town this Christmas a butcher's boy who was sent to deliver some meat at a house was pinned to the wall by the watch dog. After a while, his shouts brought out the lady, who released him, and asked if he were bitten. "Oh, no," said the boy. "I kept him off by giving him some suet. You were only just in time to save the beef."

* * *

SIR GEORGE LEWIS, acting on behalf of Mr. Labouchere, editor and proprietor of *Truth*, has obtained summonses against Mr. and Mrs. Zieremberg, of the Kennington Home for Inebriates, charging them with committing wilful and corrupt perjury in connection with their recent action for libel. The case will be heard at Bow Street on January 10.

* * *

A. J. MONSON, the accused in the Ardlamont trial, has family connections with two aristocratic houses. His mother was a daughter of the fifth Lord Galway, and he is consequently a second cousin to the present Viscount Galway. His father was a grandson of the second Lord Monson, from whom is also descended Viscount Oxenbridge, who is also the seventh Lord Monson. The chief cost of Monson's defence was provided by his mother, who was formerly a maid of honour to the Duchess of Edinburgh.

* * *

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR SAGAR, of the City of London police, arrested at his private lodgings in Ludlow, Salop, an absconding bank clerk named Charles Watkins, aged 59, who had been a clerk for forty years in the Bank of England. The prisoner, who is charged with stealing £500, was brought to London in custody.

* * *

A FUNNY story is told of Miss Fortescue in regard to the first time she played Juliet in London. The fair actress possesses beautiful eyes, but they are short-sighted ones, and she cannot see beyond the second row of the stalls. On this particular night she got so excited in the poison scene that she actually threw the phial at the head of a well-known critic seated in the stalls.

# MR. RICHARD DUNN,

**Prominent Turf Accountant.**

*(With Portrait).*

GOOD reliable bookmakers are not as numerous as one would imagine, and when a man in that branch of business proves his stability he is appreciated by all turf followers. We present to our readers this week Mr. Richard Dunn, whom all Turf men recognise as a thoroughly reliable turf accountant, a gentlemanly fellow, and one who is not afraid to stake money on any sporting event that he thinks well of.

## SPRINTING IN AUSTRALIA.

### Where Men Must Run to Win.

**The Sport Stagnant at Present—A Revival Soon to Come.**

SYDNEY, N. S. W.—So much has been said in relation to running horses out this way, that a word in regard to sprinting would not be out of place. In this city fully 500 people make a living out of foot-running, and though the interest is not so great, owing in a measure to hard times, still, the business is far from being dead. We have three grounds where sprint handicaps are conducted, viz., Sir Joseph Banks' at Botany, Lillie Bridge, and Carrington grounds. Of the noted tracks Botany is pre-eminent, and I believe at that place more money has been given for a handicap than at any place in the world. In the heyday of the game the usual sum hung up for a big go was £500 in prizes, and a man to pull off such a handicap could win for his backers as much as £8,000 at very good odds. The late Frank Smith, who owned the grounds, was the first man to bring running into popularity and made the game such a close study that he could handicap the men to perfection. He laboured under the idea that anything that could talk was liable to be crooked, and to guard against "stiff" running he designed his running track and accoutrements to his own ideas. On the land stood a large hotel, where many sprinters lived and trained. On one side lie an enclosure which contained a quarter-mile track for long distance races, which were not numerous owing to a lack of interest in such events. Back of the hotel are the gardens and a 150 yard sprint track, where five separate paths are laid out, the space between being of turf, giving it a handsome appearance. The finish is about 15 yards from the grand stand, built to accommodate about 3,000 people, and in the run off after breasting the tape the men could run directly under the stand, which is built up quite a height. Beneath the stand on either side of the tracks are small rooms, the extreme ends containing apartments for dressing. Along the back and running across from side to side is a sub-grand stand for the benefit of the contestants. On a day when a big handicap was to be decided, the men were compelled to strip and take seats on the stand set apart for them. When a quartette was required for a heat, a set of numbers were placed in a large box, and as they were drawn out the men whose numbers on the programme corresponded with those drawn, were placed in the rooms or stalls, and not allowed to converse with each other or with the public. They were escorted down the track to take their respective marks. Any signs of crookedness meant a suspension for a given time, so that those who were non-tryers were forced to conceal the fact to protect themselves.

Up to within five minutes of the time for the heat to be decided, the men were in ignorance as to who would contest, so that any prearranged plan to name a winner was impossible.

As high as 10,000 people have paid two shillings each to witness a handicap, which meant a source of profit to the promoter. Men would train steadily for a year in hopes of pulling off a handicap, and if backers fancied the chances of a man he could readily be backed to win £8,000 in the books. The arrangements at Lillie Bridge and Carrington Grounds are not so good as at Botany, and these places have given handicaps with such frequency that prize-money has gradually diminished in proportion.

Jim McGarrigle is conceded to be the fastest man here, and if he were to meet H. Hutchins he would be heavily backed to win. Aside from him there are probably a dozen others who can beat even time when out for money.

A revival in business will, no doubt, bring us a revival in foot-racing. All sport is stagnant at present, particularly boxing. Pigeon-shooting keeps popular, but sweepstakes are confined to members; hence there is not a great deal of encouragement for foreigners to come here and compete.

There is some talk of Harry Harris visiting England to contend in a Sheffield handicap. If he does, he will, no doubt, give a good account of himself. Many believe, however, that he will not run so fast there as he can here, owing to the atmospheric change. The climate here is extremely warm and the air light—essential points in favour of fast running at short distances.

C. J. T.

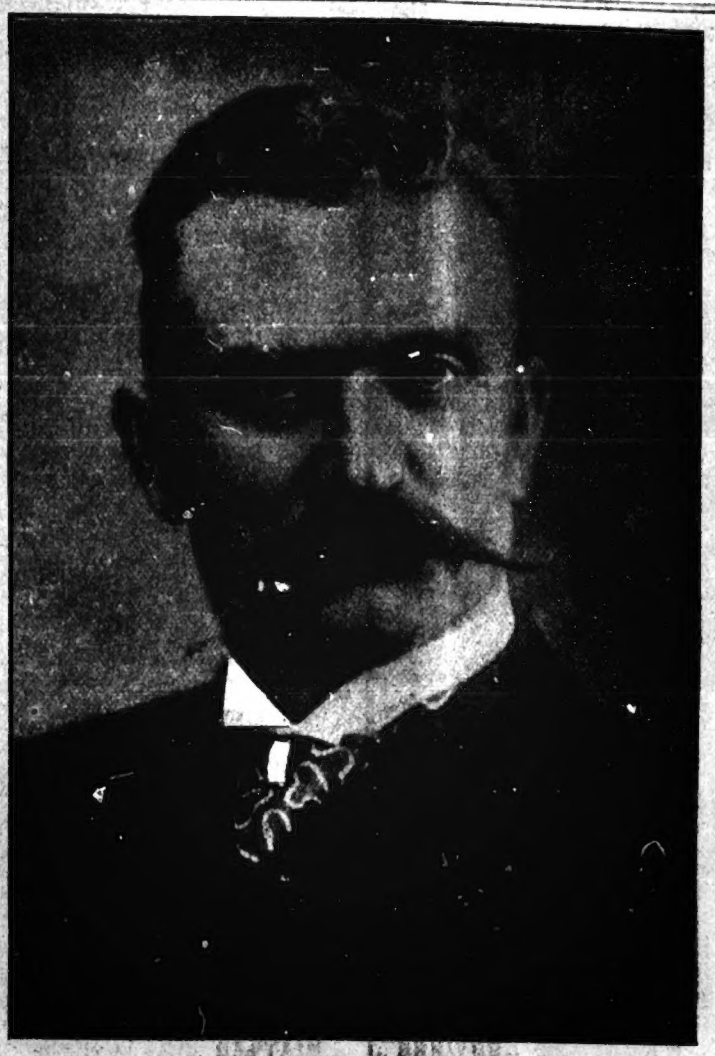
**An Unselfish Friend.**

JACK: "I have a chance to marry a poor girl, whom I love, or a rich woman, whom I do not love. What would you advise?"

George: "Love is the salt of life, my friend. Without it all else is naught. Love, pure love, makes poverty wealth, pain a joy, earth a heaven."

Jack: "Enough. I will marry the poor girl whom I love."

George: "Bravely spoken. By the way, would you—er—mind introducing me to the rich woman whom you do not love?"



## CAPTAIN J. L. BREWER.

**Expert Pigeon and Rifle Shot.**

CAPTAIN BREWER was born at Burlington, New Jersey, U.S.A., forty-three years ago stands 6ft 1in, and scales about 15st. He took to the gun when but a mere boy, and at the age of fifteen years he could defeat any of the crack shots near his home at killing wild game. His first important match was against Dr. Talbot, whom he defeated in a pigeon contest of 100 birds. That was in 1870, and since then he has conquered Dr. W. F. Carver, Captain A. H. Bogardus, William Giles Graham (England's crack shot), William Tell Mitchell, J. Penrose, W. Eley, W. Wilson-croft, and in fact, all the noted men of America and Europe. Five years ago he won as personal property the London *Sportsman* Challenge Cup, emblem of the world's championship, and the record he made in London forced him to stand on the thirty-five yards mark, whilst all competitors were handicapped, the limit man having fourteen yards. He took to fancy shooting after Dr. Carver made such broad claims, and he had not practised the game more than a few months, when experts acknowledged him the peer, not only as a wing shot, but with a repeating shot gun and rifle. Brewer visited Australia four years ago, and, besides coming off victorious in sweepstakes, he defeated L. Clarke at Melbourne in a 100 bird contest for £400. He subsequently conceded Clarke three yards handicap in a match and was defeated, Clarke killing 97 birds out of a possible 100 off the 30-yard mark, whilst Brewer at 33 yards scored 96 kills.

Brewer has since defeated L. Elliott in a match near New York, but was afterwards defeated by Elliott for the championship of the world.

Brewer has on two occasions killed 99 out of a possible 100 birds at 30 yards, a record only equalled by Elliott,

In important matches Brewer uses the Cashmore pigeon gun, which he pronounces the best weapon he has ever handled, being of superior make, and its accuracy in shooting can be relied upon.

## HOLIDAY SCENES IN CANADA.

**Snow and Frost Welcome Visitors to Montreallers, and How they Enjoy Themselves.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

DURING the summer season there is probably no place disliked so much as Canada—a fact which is best exemplified by the exiled bank robbers and embezzlers who oft-times return to the United States to accept punishment due them, preferring gaol in their own country to banishment in the Dominion, where so little enjoyment can be found. It is not till midwinter that the Canadian finds life a pleasure, and this season is no exception to the rule. The recent falls of snow and cold spells have brought joy to the hearts of all Montreallers, from the small boy and girl who slide or skate on the ice, to the older people who find pleasure in a sleigh ride on the road.

On the river, which is frozen up, can be seen both sexes skating for hours at a time, and the small boy who cannot procure skates enjoys himself with slides on the ice, which are common on every street. On the hill-tops congregate the snow-shoe runner, or the men racing with Swedish snow skates, and club competitions in both are numerous.

Probably the most fascinating sport practised by both sexes is that of tobogganing. The toboggan is a frail craft which will not weigh more than a dozen pounds, but four people can find sufficient room on one for a slide. The one in the rear does the steering, generally with his right foot, and there is no limit to the speed to be attained on a slide down a steep hill The slide is usuall prepared after a heavy fall of snow by smoothing the surface, a little water being run over to produce a glassy effect. The sensation one receives from a toboggan slide is the most attractive part of the sport, and induces people to walk a mile up hill for the sake of a rapid slide down. As the toboggan precipates off the level the shock makes one feel as though his, or her heart had flown into the wind-pipe, then the descent creates a sensation only produced by a drop from a lofty place through the air. The momentum created by a quarter mile descent will carry a toboggan double or three times that distance on the level at a high rate of speed.

Ice yachts are out in full blast, and racing for liberal prizes is anticipated about carnival time. Between ice yachting and trotting to sleighs for purses a lively season is looked forward to with great pleasure. Already preparations are in progress for the annual carnival, and an effort will be made to have the one this year surpass that of all its predecessors. The committee having the proposed carnival in charge will spare no pains in making i a grand success.

**A Rising Market.**

"YES," said the old man, addressing his young visitor, "I'm proud of my girls, and should like to see them all comfortably married; and as I've made a little money they wont go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her £5,000 when she marries. Then comes Bet, who wont see thirty-five again, and shall have £10,000; and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have £15,000 with her."

The young man reflected a moment or so, and then nervously inquired: "You haven't one about fifty have you?"

## HOW IS THIS FOR BUNKUM?

**A Story Told as Truth on Parrots in America.**

CAPTAIN PEASE, of the Grand R public, has four particularly brilliant parrots. One is called Greeny, one is named Topsy, another Beauty, and the name of the fourth is Sixty-six. Sixty-six is called by that name because he was presented to his owner on the captain's sixty-sixth anniversary.

Recently Captain Pease had a reception at his home in Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A., and, among other things, champagne was served. One of the guests offered Sixty-six a glass of the wine, and, to his delight, the bird greedily drank thereof. The parrot couldn't get enough of the champagne, and soon was as drunk as a sailor ashore.

Somebody said to the intoxicated parrot: "Hello, there, Seventy-six!"

"You are a liar! I'm only Sixty-six," the parrot exclaimed over and over again. He called everybody in sight a liar, and explained that he was Sixty-six only, when he was treated to more champagne.

Sixty-six made so much fun for the company that it was decided to give the other parrots a drink, too. Soon Greeny, Topsy and Beauty were made merry, and then the birds whooped things up.

Although it was a warm night, Greeny insisted that it was otherwise, and kept exclaiming: "Blew, ain't it cold!" Sixty-six promptly called Greeny a liar.

"Society is all agog!" shouted Topsy. "All agog! All agiggle! All agurgle!"

"Ding, ding," repeated Beauty, whereat Sixty-six shrieked: "Stop 'er! Back 'er! Stop 'er! Man overboard! Go ahead and and back 'er! I'm a liar! Polly wants a drink! Ah! ha! ha! ha! Hey, there! Murder! Helm's alee! Police! Rats!"

"Bow, wow! Good night! Run home! Come in! Come out! Come off!" sputtered Topsy.

Sixty-six stood on one leg, and, closing his left eye, cocked his head in a knowing manner, and yelled: "I'm eight feet high! Button, button, who's got the cow? You're all wrong! Bing! They're off at Guttenburg! Ah! ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh, my! Good night! How de do?"

"I never have saw!" shouted Beauty. And Sixty-six instantly announced that it was a falsehood, whatever it was.

"Me, too!" sang out Topsy. At which Greeny cried, "I'm wid you!"

At times the parrots would talk all at once, and, then again, while one laughed another whistled, a third cried, and the fourth imitated a steamboat blowing off steam.

"Have a drink with me!" Sixty-six is reported to have said, and then immediately called himself a prevaricator.

"Don't be silly!" Greeny gravely exclaimed, as the throng was indulging in hearty laughter at their expense. During the silence that followed Sixty-six roared "What's the matter? What's the matter? Polly wants a penny! Polly wants a liar! Don't you ever go home?" Then all the parrots guffawed in chorus.

"All aboord!" screamed Sixty-six, while Greeny called "All ashore!" and Topsy piped "Tickets! Drinks and cigars."

"Give your orders, gents!" called out Beauty.

"Ante up and look pleasant. Somebody is shy!" yelled Sixty-six. "Ahoy!"

By this time the plumage of the inebriated parrots was horribly dishevelled, and the attitudes of the birds were grotesque in the extreme. They were leaning against each other after the manner of intoxicated men when they reach the confidential stage.

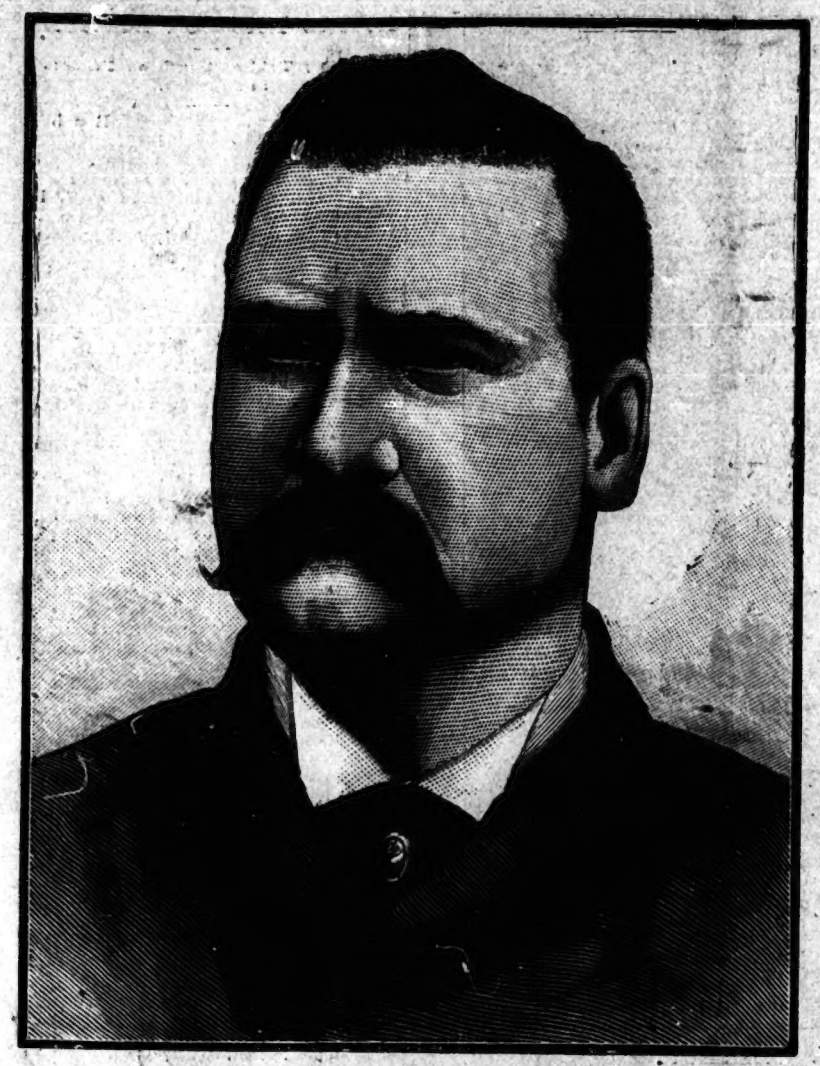
They blinked and winked in a way most comical to see, and, at last, one by one, sank into a sleep so profound that no noise could wake them.

## FIVE ACES CAUSE FIVE DEATHS.

**A Card Sharp causes a Free Fight which results in Five Deaths.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE Americans are not of a kind to stand trifling with. In Great Britain if a man is caught tampering with cards during play he is generally barred out and frequently treated to a sound thrashing, but in the Western and Southern portions of the United States it is regarded as one of the biggest crimes a man could perpetrate on his fellow beings. Advices reach us from Charleston, West Virginia, of a poker game at that place recently among miners who were playing for heavy stakes. A new arrival was a participant in the game, and his unusual run of luck created considerable suspicion. In course of the evening he had won the bulk of the money possessed by his companions, and a demand to count the cards was made by one of the party. In the show down five aces were produced, which was the signal of a general riot and a fight for the cash in sight. Pistols and knives were freely used, with the resul that five men were killed and several others seriously injured. There were five aces and five funerals, and a probability of more to follow.



MR. ALFRED ALLISON,

**Of London, Eminent Sporting Journalist.**

MR. RICHARD DUNN.

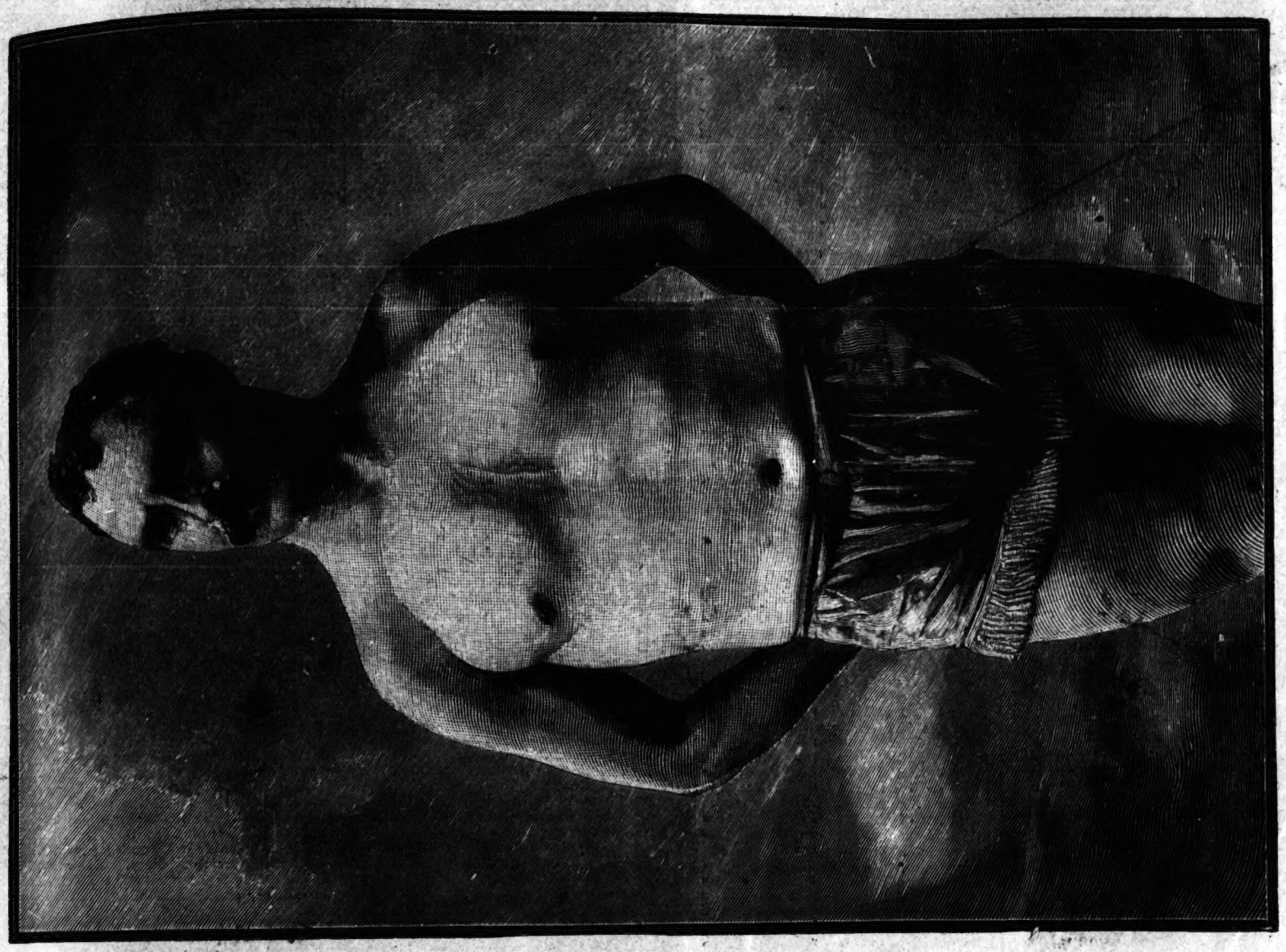
**Prominent Turf Accountant.**

WILLIAM LLOYD, OF FULHAM,

**Who Defeated Toddy Wick in a Beard Scraping Contest for the Championship.**

GEORGE FRYER.

**Nottingham's Pet Pugilist, now a Publican.**



PETER CANNON OF LIVERPOOL.
Champion of the World at Mixed Wrestling.

MR. JOHN FLEMING.
Popular Manager of the National Sporting Club.

# AROUND THE RING.

## Advance in Pugilism.

**Old time fights barbarous.**

**Australian fighters in London.**

**Napier, Burge, and Dunn**

**Challenge England's best at weight.**

**Dixon and Plimmer Hippodroming.**

**Oates puts Hunter to sleep.**

**Pritchard looking for fight.**

**Boxing legal in New Orleans.**

**J. L. Sullivan to play Comedy.**

In writing of past fistic encounters, we shall not deal with battles which have taken place years ago, because so many other journals have taken that liberty that we feel that the dead should be permitted to rest in peace, especially now that battles with the raw 'uns have gone out of fashion. Our modern contests are of more humane a character, and bring better returns for those who seek honours in the squared circle. In former days men who contended for Championship honours were generally proud of the fact that they had fought for as much as £200 a-side stake-money, whilst to-day a second-rate pugilist will receive that much money for only a glove contest victory. Contests on the "turf" were not, as a rule, fought on merits, but the man who controlled the strongest mob of the unwashed usually came off victorious. The gentry were loth to attend, because it was as much as their lives were worth to venture near a ring side. How matters have transformed! In the days of modern pugilism, we find the patrons to be from the better classes, and the tough element to be conspicuous by their absence. Fighters cannot live on honour, but must have the wherewith to sustain body and soul; therefore it is the duty of every aspirant for ring honours to fight shy of the "push," and cater to the desires of those who are prepared to spend their gold for the privilege of witnessing a battle. Much credit is due Mr. John Fleming for the existing state of affairs, because it was he who displayed liberality in purses for notable meetings, and was the means of drawing from the nobility and the better classes for his subscriptions.

It is quite a treat to attend any of the battles decided at the National Sporting Club, which is under the direct management of Mr. Fleming, because flocked around the ring will be seen the pick of England's sportsmen. To be in the "swim" one should appear in full evening dress and conduct himself like a gentleman.

Fancy a man in days gone by attending a battle, as a spectator, in evening attire! The pugilists, too, are of a more intelligent order of human kind, and any infraction of the rules of good behaviour at the clubs, particularly at the National Sporting, means placing a barrier which prohibits a future appearance at any of the select places, either as a contestant or an attendant. Fighting for a substantial purse is far more preferable to ekeing out a miserable existence by sparring a few hard rounds for the paltry number of shillings which you can count upon the fingers of your right hand.

It is only a few years ago that the "Brums" would refuse to wager money on a pugilist who could read or write, believing that intelligence was the stepping stone to cowardice. It is a pleasure, however, to know that such quaint notions have been dispelled from the minds of the supporters of pugilism, and now the more intelligent a pugilist is the heavier he is backed, and the more his society is sought for.

Old time ring fights were nothing short of a display of barbarism only appreciated by an element too brutal to associate with the civilised public, whilst modern battles mean a display of science, endurance, and pluck; accomplishments which are the admiration of the young and old.

A first-class fighter nowadays has only to come out of a ring victorious a few times to be independent for the remainder of his life. An illustration of this fact may be seen in James J. Corbett, the American champion, who defeated John L. Sullivan and won thereby about £9,000. Since his victory Corbett has netted fully £1,000 a month from exhibitions alone, and is to-day the possessor of over £15,000 in cash or its equivalent; Bob Fitzsimmons, the middle-weight, is well situated financially, as is George Dixon (colored), featherweight champion, Billy Plimmer, Charles Mitchell, and Peter Jackson.

It is to be hoped that those who have ability to lay claim to Championship honours and seek liberal purses will display sufficient common sense by, at all times, acting the part of a gentleman and use every effort to keep the profession on a popular plane rather than commit errors which will tend to degrade boxing.

Next week we shall publish a full-page portrait of James J. Corbett, champion heavy-weight pugilist, who is matched with Charles Mitchell, English boxing champion. It will be an elegant life-size likeness of the American, the portrait having recently been taken specially for THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Owing to several events having transpired which placed a limit on our space for illustrations, the portrait of Billy Plimmer, the clever Birmingham pugilist, will not appear till next week. It will portray the plucky bantam, in excellent fighting attitude, as he appears at the call of time sparring for an opening.

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JIM BURGE, the Iron Man, Mick Dunn, and Hugh Napier, a trio of Australian pugilists, have arrived in London from the States. They failed to find America a promising country for their business since the game has received such a set-back there. The Australians have put themselves under the wing of the National Sporting Club, and here they were met by the manager, Mr. John Fleming, Mr. George Piesse, and a few more prominent members. In the course of a long and interesting interview, our visitors said they had come over to have a look at the country, and intended, if possible, to combine pleasure with business. Burge is the patriarch of the party. He looks as hard as nails, and carries a regular fighting head on a good pair of shoulders. Burge bears a somewhat striking resemblance to Bat Mullins, and again reminds one of Billy McCarthy. Napier is a genteel looking young fellow, and tall for his weight, while Dunn has a very business-like cut about him. Though not anxious to rush into print and throw challenges right and left, Burge stands ready to meet anyone between 9st 2lb and 9st 10lb. The "Cast Iron Man" says he never trains unless he is bound down to a very low weight. Napier will bar no one between 8st 8lb and 9st, while Dunn will be glad to take the ring at from 10st 10lb to 11st, and he will be very pleased to meet the winner of the Diamond-White contest. Members of the National will have an opportunity of seeing our Colonial friends in the ring, as all three have promised to spar at the Club on Jan. 15, the first show of the New Year. Our latest visitors appear to be well-conducted young fellows, and it is to be hoped they find their visit here a profitable one.

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ROB ROY (B. H. BENTON), in the *Boston Post*, says: "The press agents of George Dixon and Billy Plimmer are getting in some great work just now. They have revived the old match which was on the boards a few weeks back, and are putting it to the front in great style. There is nothing new about the whole business. Both men are talking fight and a match to boom their shows, and they are getting away with their bluffs, too. One reason for making the new talk just now is to create some effect on the Duval Athletic Club, in the hope of getting a big purse offered for them, if the Corbett-Mitchell fight takes place place without interference.

Jack Dempsey, the once famous Nonpariel, who has just finished a week's engagement at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, writes as follows: "I want to thank the public for their cordial support of the past week. The reception tendered me at every performance assured me that I still have many warm friends in this city. I also want to speak a good word for Dick Moore, who sparred with me twice last week. If my endorsement is worth anything, I want to say that I consider Moore a remarkably quick, clever, and scientific boxer. He also furnished me with enough evidence to convince me that he is a great pugilist. I certainly think he is a coming middle-weight champion of America. As he is only twenty-two years of age, I predict a great future for him, and his gentlemanly and quiet ways speak volumes for him. If ever he fights for the championship, I should like to second him."

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A CONTEST of twenty rounds, Queensberry rules, with six ounce gloves, was decided between H. Oates and R. Hember at Bristol December 27, the winner receiving a gold watch and chain to the value of £20. In the second round Hember put in some good blows, but was rather slow at following up his advantage, Oates having the misfortune to sprain a finger against one of the posts of the ring. Rounds three and four were all in favour of Hember, Oates hitting wildly and missing several good opportunities, as much as 3 to 1 being offered against him without any takers. The fifth and sixth rounds saw some hard hitting on both sides; but at the conclusion Oates and Hember appeared weak, the former especially so. Round seven proved the turning point in the contest. Up to this Hember had been having rather the best of it, but Oates seemed to pull himself together, his right getting home several times. From the eighth to the eleventh round both took matters easily, evidently trying for a knock-out blow, Oates drawing first blood with a right-hander on the nose just before the call of "Time" in the latter round. In the thirteenth round Hember was knocked clean out of the ring, and, being unable to respond within ten seconds, the award was given Oates, who scaled 8st 3lb, or 16lb less than his opponent.

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THAT plucky little Birmingham pugilist Billy Plimmer evidently means to put a stop to the talk of George Dixon and his managers, and either bring about a fight or else place Dixon in an unenviable light before the sporting world. When John T. Griffin posted £500 as a forfeit to fight Dixon at 8st 8lb for any part of £2,000 a-side, the gentleman of colour replied that his fighting weight was 8st 2lb, and adhered to the statement that he could enter the ring fit and well at 8st. It was evident that he did not care to meet Griffin. Since Billy Plimmer defeated Dixon, the latter has been crying hard for a battle, but now, to a little 'un like Billy, he stipulates the weight as 8st 3lb, and wants to weigh hours before entering the ring. Becoming disgusted with the backing and filling of the Dixon party, Plimmer publishes in a New York paper a defi which is straightforward, and if the Dixon party mean fight they cannot help but accept the conditions stipulated. Plimmer says: "George Dixon says he is anxious to meet me. After I defeated Dixon at Madison Square Garden I made public a statement that I was ready and willing to meet him again at 8st 2lb, weigh in at the ring side. I have never yet said otherwise, and again I say that I will meet Dixon at any time and place on these terms and no other. This statement is final. When I met Dixon at Madison Square Garden I conceded weight and everything to him. I got the decision. I claim, therefore, that so far I have proved myself to be the better man. It is customary for the victor to dictate his terms, and I can see no good reason for departing from that custom, and, furthermore, I believe it is my right. Dixon claims he is eager to fight me, and of that I have no doubt. I am conceding 4lb to him in offering to fight at 8st 2lb. I am not a feather-weight. My weight is 7st 12lb, yet I stand ready to do as I have agreed. Under the conditions I have stated I will meet Dixon before the Duval Athletic Club for a purse and a side stake of any amount that may be named. As far as I am concerned, a match can be made as soon as they put up a deposit."

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NOT in the least discouraged over his defeats, Ted Pritchard declares himself prepared to meet any man in the world at 11st 4lb for £500 a-side. Failing to get on a match with someone near his weight, he is willing to risk £500 on a meeting with F. P. Slavin. It is probable that Dan Creedon, the Australian, will accommodate Pritchard, provided suitable terms can be agreed to. Colonel John D. Hopkins, the American theatrical manager, is backing Creedon, and says that when Pritchard deposits a forfeit of £100 he will cover it on behalf of Creedon for a match to a finish for £500 a-side and a suitable purse. He wants a suitable allowance for expenses, providing the contest is decided in England.

* * *

IN a glove contest for £40 at the Townsend Circus, Barnsley, on December 26, H. Lowe, of Sheffield, was given the award over Tom Portsmouth, of Hull, in the fifth round, the last-named having committed a deliberate foul. In a 9-stone competition the same night J. H. Kaye was declared the winner over Fred Hulse, whom he met in the final bout.

* * *

A MATCH has been made between T. Gorrie, of Somers Town, and Dave Job, of Islington, to box twenty (or more) rounds, under usual conditions, at 6st 12lb (weigh at the ring side), for £10 a-side and the best purse offered. The contest to be decided on or before January 29.

* * *

WALTER BUTLER, of Paddington, and Jack Harland, of Marylebone, are to contest twenty rounds with 4oz gloves, Queensberry rules, at 9st 4lb, give or take two pounds, in London, on or before Monday, Feb. 6, for £20 a side; the men to scale at two o'clock on the day of the contest.

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COCK ROBIN and TOM WILLIAMS, the Australian, are about to arrange another match in hopes of deciding who is the better man.

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GEORGE JOHNSON, of Hackney, expresses a willingness to take on Fitzpatrick, or any man in England, at 9st, for £100 a-side and an added purse.

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JOE CHOYNSKI, sparring partner to Peter Jackson, is to meet Steve O'Donnell, Australian heavy weight, in a finish fight, with five ounce gloves, under the auspices of the Duval Athletic Club, near Jacksonville, Florida, U.S.A., Jan. 24, for a purse. The match will be decided in the same ring where Corbett and Mitchell are to decide their differences Jan. 25.

* * *

JACK MCAULIFFE, American light weight, announces his intention of re-entering the ring, and declares himself open to meet any man of even weight, 9 stone, in a finish fight for £2,000 a-side. If McAuliffe really means fight he should give preference to Dick Burge, of Newcastle, for a fight, when it is to be remembered that Burge visited the States twice in hopes of a fight, but McAuliffe declined.

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THE suit of the Attorney-General of the State of Louisiana for the annulment of the charter of the Olympic Club was decided at New Orleans recently by a jury in the Civil District Court against the State. The decision is that glove contests are not prize fights, and as there is a law permitting boxing with gloves of 5oz or over in weight, no objection can be offered to any more fights in that city. It will be remembered that when Warren and M'Carthy fought before the Olympic Club about two years ago they were indicted for prize fighting, but were acquitted on a trial in the Criminal Court.

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HARRY NICKLESS, who is to meet Dick Burge, of Newcastle, in a glove fight on January 22, in London, for £200 a-side, a purse of £250 given by the Bolingbroke Club, and the championship at 10st 4lb, is in fine form, and will be well backed to win. Burge's supporters feel confident of the success of their favourite, and when the proper time comes will risk considerable money on the Newcastle man's chances.

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AT Fulham, December 27, Tom Evans, of Battersea, and George Browning, of Fulham, met to decide the ownership of a subscribed purse of £20, in a 4oz glove contest of 20 rounds. Browning, who is twenty-one years of age, stands 5ft 6in, and weighed 10st 7lb, while Evans is twenty years of age, stands 5ft 4½in, and scaled 10st 2lb. Twenty-six persons all told witnessed the contest, which lasted 15 rounds, the majority of which were closely contested. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a referee, but eventually Geo. Hassell, of West Kensington, was prevailed upon to accept the office, whilst a well-known sporting backer officiated as timekeeper. The match was evenly contested for 14 rounds, with advantages slightly in favour of either man, but in round 15, Evans landed a right-hander on his opponent's jaw, which brought matters to a close. Browning was unable to rise within the prescribed 10 seconds, and Evans was given the purse.

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SAM SORRELL and Harry Greenfield have signed articles to box twenty rounds, at 8st 12lb, for £25 a-side and a purse, the contest to come off within eight weeks on a day to be named by the donors of the purse.

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A WELL conducted boxing entertainment was managed by Harry Thompson, at the Harewood Street Gymnasium, Leeds, December 26. Proceedings opened with a pretty and brisk exhibition between the celebrated bantams, Mick Lanigan, of Leeds, and Jack Wheal, of Hull, who boxed four smart rounds. This was followed by the event of the evening, a twelve round contest between Tom Ireland, of Whitechapel, and Darkey Barton, of Battersea, for a purse of £15. The men have met on two other occasions, the first being a drawn contest, and in the second Barton won. It was an evenly-contested match throughout. Ireland displayed the most science, and was given the decision on points, though had it been to a finish the match might have terminated differently.

* * *

ON February 12 Tom Ashwick, of Southwark, and J. Mills, of Poplar, will box the best of twenty rounds at 8st 4lb, for £100, either at the Bolingbroke Club, the Kennington Social, or the Raglan Music Hall.

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EDWARD MARLOW, of Stratford, and Snowball, of the same place, have agreed to box twenty rounds at 8st 4lb, the middle of January, for £10 a-side.

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ACCORDING to a despatch from Springfield, O., U.S.A., Detective John T. Norris is after Charles Mitchell because of the latter's failure to pay Norris' bill for piloting him safely to New Orleans after the Richburg, Miss., fight. Norris says he has a requisition from the Governor of Mississippi, and he intends to serve the writ at Jacksonville. The management of the Duval Athletic Club, however, states that Norris dare not visit Jacksonville because there is a serious charge hanging over his head there.

* * *

CHARLEY HOYT, the American playwright, has received a letter from John L. Sullivan asking Hoyt to write a play for him next season. Sullivan says that he is tired of playing serious roles, that he would like to have a part that is excruciatingly funny. Hoyt says that he will consider the matter.

* * *

JOHN Y. MCKANE and judge R. V. B. Newton, the noted politicians who conducted the Coney Island club where so many well contested battles were fought, and which was to have given 40,000 for the Corbett-Mitchell fight, were recently found guilty of criminal contempt at Brooklyn, New York, and sentenced to

thirty days in jail and to pay a fine of 250 dollars each. It appears they assaulted officers of the law on last election day, and tried to run the voting districts to suit their own purposes.

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At a meeting of the Duval Athletic Club held at Jacksonville, Florida, December 29, it was decided to have the Corbett-Mitchell fight occur January 16, at 11 o'clock a.m. Mr. Mitchell, Governor of Florida, declares that he will not be governed by a friendly suit as to his decision. He regards the fight as an offence against the peace and the good name of the state, and says he is determined to prevent it.

* * *

Mr. J. McEvoy, of the Brooklyn, U.S.A., Handball Club, is in Dublin. He has brought to the land of Erin two lads, weighing respectively 10st 10lb and 8st 10lb; that he was anxious to arrange matches for them, under Queensberry Rules, and while wishing to have the contests in Dublin, he desires to state that he has no objection to have them in England. Mr. M'Evoy will be glad to hear from any one willing to take on either lad, and letters addressed care of the Editor of *Sport*, Dublin, will be at once attended to.

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Mr. John Fleming will, on Monday, January 22, promote a novices' 8st competition at The National Sporting Club, London. Those desirous to contend should enter at once with Mr. Fleming.

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Dr. Conin Doyle appears to be favourable to sparring contests. Coming from one of the brainiest writers of the time, it should settle for good and all the future of the manly art.

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The sporting element in the outlery districts regard George Corfield as invincible at 7st 13lb, and will back him heavily in any contest he takes part in.

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William Hulse, the noted Nottingham sporting man, believes in J. J. Corbett as a winner on January 25.

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Jack Turner, the Nottingham pugilist, finds the racecourse a more profitable source of revenue than the squared circle.

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The boxing Kangaroo has been a profitable piece of property during the past year, and the Directors of the Royal Aquarium, in order to retain the services of the boxing kangaroo and its trainer—Professor Landermann—they have, at a cost of over four figures, effected a purchase of the animal from its late Australian owners. During the twelve months the kangaroo has been before the public its authenticated actual earnings at two performances daily amounts to the enormous sum of £35,277 4s.

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A spirited eight-rounds contest for a silver cup between Alf. Jones and W. White took place December 30 at the Bermondsey School of Arms. Both were well matched, and after eight very hard-hitting and scientific rounds, White won. 64 Bib Competition. — Results: Bill Bearwish beat George Davey; Barrett (Wapping) beat Knowles (Bermondsey); Panter (Kennington) beat Mackintosh; and Wal Reman (Lambeth) beat Slater (Peckham).

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At the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, December 30, a series of glove contests were decided. In a six round match J. Fowler, of Bethnal Green, knocked out Tiney Bishop, of Mile End, after a spirited affair for a purse, in the fourth round.

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It is said that George A. Baird (Squire Abingdon), who posted the £2,000 for Charles Mitchell in the latter's match against Corbett, left property to the value of £831,719.

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Bob Fitzsimmons, the middle weight wonder, declares that he will challenge the winner of the Corbett-Mitchell fight.

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It often pays to be a contestant in a prize fight even if you are a loser, as will be seen by what Corbett says of what Mitchell will get in the event of defeat. "He is sure of 14,500 dols." says Corbett, "because Mitchell is under contract to star for three weeks at 2,000 dols. per week, this makes 6,000 dols.; he will get back 5,000 dols. of the original money put up to bind the match with Blanchard, of Boston, that makes 11,000 dols.; he gets 2,500 dols. for training expenses, and then he will win 1,000 dols. which Brady bet him that he wouldn't show up if the fight comes off, making a total of 14,500 dols. That's a rather nice wad for a loser, is it not?"

* * *

Next week The Mirror of Life will contain excellent life-size portraits in ring costume of James J. Corbett, American heavy weight champion, Billy Plimmer, the Birmingham pugilist, who is meeting with success in the States against all comers at even weight, and George Corfield, the clever 7st 13lb pugilist, who is sure to make a strong bid for honours as a world's champion in his class.

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The Mirror of Life is indebted to Mr. John Wood, 208, Bowery, New York, for the portraits of Peter Cannon, Harry Hutchins, and William Miller, which appear in the present issue. Mr. Wood has made the photography of athletes and pugilists a speciality for the past fifteen years, and he has negatives of all the noted men of the past and present time.

* * *

Should James J. Corbett defeat Charles Mitchell at Jacksonville, his next fight will be against Peter Jackson, the black, who easily disposed of Frank P. Slavin at the National Sporting Club. It is probable that match will be decided in London, because Corbett has already signified his willingness to visit this country. Mr. John Fleming has received information to the effect that providing he offers a liberal purse the pair will decide their differences at the rooms of the club which he manages. Such a meeting brought off in London it would be the means of creating a great deal of excitement throughout the United Kingdom, and a great deal of money would change hands over the result. In the eyes of many British sports, Jackson is regarded as one of the most finished pugilists of modern times, and are prepared to place their money on their opinion.

It would be a difficult task to say who would come off victorious, when it is to be taken into consideration they fought to a draw at San Francisco. At that time Goddard was far from being in good form, in fact he had an injured arm, which prevented his bringing the match to a decision. As regards Corbett, it may be stated that he was but a novice at the time they met, and since then he has grown considerably heavier, gained ring experience, and has confidence in his ability. With both in first-class condition, such a match would be well worth a long journey to witness.

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There was some talk of Jack E. Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons visiting England for an exhibition tour and to participate in a series of glove-fights for purses. Mr. Gus Tuthill, the popular New York sporting man, contemplated bringing the pair here, but on reflection he has decided that the inducements which would be held out for the men to fight would hardly warrant the undertaking. Had the men come here, Dempsey would have arranged a fight with Dick Burge, whilst Fitzsimmons would have sought a meeting with Ted Pritchard.

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Toff Wall, middle-weight pugilist, is to get a benefit at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, January 15.

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Mrs. Charles Mitchell, and her son Charles, jun., and Mrs. Polly Moore, sail for America January 10, to join the English Boxing Champion.

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Dick Burge, the clever Newcastle pugilist, who is matched to meet Harry Nickless, is seriously ill, and it looks as though he will be forced to pay forfeit in his coming match.

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Charley Tilley, of London, is ready to fight Hugh Napier, the Australian, at 9st, for £100 a-side.

## JOHN FLEMING.

**Popular Manager of the National Sporting Club.**

*(With Portrait.)*

The National Sporting Club of London is known the world over as an organisation patronised by the gentry of Europe. Within its domain have been decided many great boxing contests, and in all fair play has been the rule. The success of the club is due to the efforts of its Manager, Mr. John Fleming, who has done more than any one man in Europe to elevate the manly art. Without a doubt, the National Sporting Club is pre-eminent in promoting boxing contests, and any foreign pugilist who contemplates a visit to this country invariably caters to Mr. Fleming for a purse, feeling satisfied that when that gentleman says a thing it is as good as done.

He has brought into prominence nearly all of the modern pugilists, particularly Jem Smith, who held the English championship in the heavy-weight division. When but a boy he kept a boxing-room visited by Micky Gannon, who fought Jack Baldock, and since then he has been closely identified with the manly art. He obtained his first knowledge of boxing at Jem Ward's rooms in Whitechapel, Bill Richardson's, which was the home of Jem Mace, and at the King John, Holloway Lane, conducted by Jack Lead, Nat Langham's in the West End, Harry Branton's in The Barbican, and other noted old time resorts.

It was Mr. Fleming who put Ted Napper in the Five Ink Horns, New Nichols Street, Shoreditch, and was the first man to get as patrons to boxing the aristocracy of Europe. Jem Smith and Toff Wall are both indebted to Mr. Fleming for their first public appearance and subsequent reputation as pugilists. He managed boxing at the Pelican Club successfully, but left there to assume control of the National Sporting Club, patronised by the nobility of Europe.

## GEORGE FRYER.

**Nottingham's Pet Pugilist.**

*(With Portrait.)*

This clever ex-amateur pugilist was born at Nottingham October 20, 1860, and is therefore thirty-three years of age. He stands 5ft 8¼in in height, and is one of the finest made men in England. Fryer received his first lessons in the noble art from the late John Gooding (better known as "Fatty") a few years ago, since which time he has held his own with the best men in England, and has proved himself one of the most finished boxers since the days of "Bendigo." Fryer has consequently never lacked backers, the principal one being his friend and fellow townsman, Mr. Wm. Hulse, Dog and Bear, Bridlesmith Gate, of sporting renown. In 1885 George, in conjunction with Springall, of London, the 11-stone champion, sailed for America, where a match was made for him to fight Geo. Rooke, whom he defeated in 70secs. He next met Jake Kilrain, whom he really beat in the fourth round, but the battle was declared drawn. He then fought a draw with Alf Greenfield (of Birmingham), then in America, one of the cleverest boxers in the kingdom, and finished up by vanquishing Charles Lange, of Ohio. At this time a challenge was issued for Fryer to fight any man in America for 1,000dols.; but it not being accepted, he returned to Old England, having an unbeaten record, and took the Gladstone Hotel, Carrington, but has now removed to more extensive premises as boniface of the Crown and Anchor, Sneinton Street, Nottingham.

## WILLIAM LLOYD.

**Champion of the World at Beard Scraping.**

*(With Portrait).*

William Lloyd, of the S. A. C. Toilet Club, Stamford Bridge, Fulham, S.W., victor over Teddy Wick in the recent championship shaving contest at the Royal Aquarium, was born at Cheltenham, twenty-four years ago, receiving his education at that place. At the age of 15 years he was apprenticed to a hair dresser, at Battersea Park Road, for twelve months, and it was at that establishment that he became an artist at removing strong beards in quick time.

He then went as an "Improver" for nine months at a place at Lavender Hill. Subsequently Lloyd became manager of a City shop at the West-end, where he had for patrons the Royalty and noted personages, including members of Parliament, afterwards opening a place of his own in the swell district of the metropolis.

Lloyd, for the past year, has been proprietor of the S.A.C. Toilet Club, Stamford Bridge, where he is doing a prosperous business. His victory over Teddy Wick places him at the head of his business for rapid and clean shaving. His courteous manner has gained for him the respect and goodwill of all the patrons of the S.A.C. Toilet Club.

## PETER CANNON, OF LIVERPOOL.

**Champion of the World at Mixed Wrestling.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Peter Cannon, champion mixed wrestler, is a resident of Liverpool, having been born in Lancashire, the hot-bed of wrestling contests, over forty years ago. He has spent several years in the United States, and whilst there defeated all comers in five style wrestling matches. Since his return to England he has lowered the colours of Duncan C. Ross, American champion wrestler, McInerney, of Ireland, and all who have contended against him. Cannon is open to meet any man in the world in a match at wrestling five styles, to include Lancashire, Græco-Roman, Collar and Elbow, and Side-hold, for from £100 to £500 a-side. He will make Liverpool his future home, contemplating opening a sporting headquarters there.

## "WE WONT GO HOME TILL MORNING."

**A New-Yorker unable to find a Keyhole Tries to Blow off a Lock.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

New Year's Day in the States is the occasion of calls on friends, and frequently means imbibing in too much fire-water. An incident occurred in New York City where an uptown swell had wound up his day's calls very much the worse off for liquor, and on reaching his door-step was unable to find the place to put the key. Being equal to the emergency he drew out his gun and commenced a fusilade against the door to blow off the lock. He was singing "We Wont go Home till Morning" when an officer took him in charge and conveyed him to a station house to sober up in time to answer in court and stand his fine for being drunk and disorderly.

## PROF. WILLIAM MILLER.

**An Australian Wrestler and Boxer, Willing to Accommodate All Comers.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Prof. Bill Miller, of Melbourne, is conceded to be one of the cleverest Græco-Roman wrestlers in the world. He was born in London some 48 years ago, and when a mere boy took to athletics, displaying merit at wrestling, single-stick and foil-fencing, and sparring. He was the pioneer of Græco-Roman wrestling in the United States, defeating all comers at New York for several years. He was the organiser of the Police Athletic Club of New York, producing among others William Muldoon and expert athletes, members of the police force there.

He took up his residence in Australia over ten years ago, and to him is due the credit of the popularity of boxing and wrestling in the Colonies. The Melbourne Athletic Club retain him as a general manager and adviser to the Club members.

Miller is said to be worth over £10,000, the income of which is quite sufficient to keep him from want for the remainder of his days. He is at all times prepared to wrestle all who visit the Colonies at Græco-Roman style.

## DUVAL ATHLETIC CLUB.

**Where Corbett and Mitchell are to decide the ownership of 20,000 Dollars and the Championship.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

We present this week a cut of the subtropical exhibition, located at the Jacksonville fair grounds, where James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell are to meet and decide who shall be the owner of 20,000 dols. and the title of heavy-weight Champion of the World. The match is creating a great deal of interest in Orange Grove district, and is sure to be the incentive of large crowds going there from the Northern States this winter.

## STEALING A PULPIT.

**How a Watch Night Meet Terminated.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

It has been the custom for years for the coloured people to hold Watch Night Meetings, New Year's Eve, in all parts of the United States, and the exhortation of the parson is ludicrous to the white folks. A curious thing occurred at Brooklyn the other evening, so cables a correspondent. Whilst the meeting was in progress the parson on his bended knee was asking the lord to come, whilst the coloured brethen screamed, "Come oh, come, lord, through the roof, and we'll pay for the shingles." All eyes being closed waiting for the clock to strike the Old Year out, so that they could on the last stroke of twelve open their peepers and see the New Year in and the angels breaking through the roof. Instead of a realisation of their hopes they perceived an inebriated rough lugging off the pulpit. In an instant the coloured gentlemen flocked about the intruder, and many razors were displayed, but none used, because the object of the disturbance dropped his load and made off, greatly to the merriment of the white people who had gone there to see the sport.

## ONE CASE WHERE MARRIAGE PROVED A FAILURE.

**A Hen-pecked Husband Exhibits Implements used by a Vixen Mate to Secure a Warrant.**

*(Subject of Illustration).*

Men who are about to get married should be sure that their prospective wives possess an amicable disposition and not too strong in the arms. It generally occurs that a weak, sickly man will always cast his lot with a strong, robust woman, whilst a tall and ungainly one will seek a mate petite and small of statue. In days of uncertainty one cannot be too careful in risking his happiness for life, a fact which has been clearly demonstrated in one of the large provincial towns a short time since. A correspondent sends us a sketch and facts touching on a case which, if true, is positively cruel. He says one of our quiet and peaceful citizens a few years ago took unto himself a wife, who was considerably larger and of a more predominating spirit than he possessed. For the first few months matters progressed finely, but a slight reverse in business developed a change in the gentleman's appearance. He soon became bald, and aged rapidly. The past year he has at times shown signs of harsh treatment which he bore manfully, but the other day the cat dropped out of the bag, when he entered the police station loaded down with household paraphernalia which he exhibited, praying for the arrest of his wife. His nose and head were covered with plaster, the effect of the weapons he displayed. His vixen wife put in an appearance looking defiant and muttering threats of what he should expect. She was bound over to keep the peace.

HARRY HUTCHINS.

**England's Champion Sprinter.**

PROF. WILLIAM MILLER.

**An Australian Boxer and Wrestler willing to accommodate all comers.**

DUVAL ATHLETIC CLUB SITE.

**Where Corbett and Mitchell are to decide the ownership of 20,000 Dollars and the Championship.**

"WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."

**A New Yorker, unable to find a Keyhole, tries to blow off the Lock.**

STEALING A PULPIT.

**How a Watch Night meet terminated.**

A HOLIDAY CELEBRATION.

**Bristol Exchange Brokers on a Lark.**

# PUGILISM IN AMERICA.

## Unbounded Interest over Corbett-Mitchell.

### Plimmer and Dixon talk match.

### Weight the only obstacle to prevent a Fight.

### Fritchard agrees to fight Creedon in America.

NEW YORK, December 26.—The all absorbing topic in the States at the present time is the forthcoming fight for the heavy-weight championship, and a purse of 20,000 dols., between James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell. Both men have gone into strict training for the match, which, by the way, is creating as much interest as the Corbet-Sullivan fight did. Two months ago very few people believed Mitchell meant fight, and were under the impression that when he drew down his 10,000 dols. held by Mr. D. H. Blanchard, of Boston, he would turn his face homeward. His sincerity to fight is now establish, however, and he has found a few who are ready to risk money on his chances at odds of 2 to 1. Neither one is permitting a single opening to gain notoriety to slip by, so that the winner will come in for a pot of money at exhibition work after the match is over. Corbett weighs, stripped, about 190lb, but will reduce himself at least 10lb by the time he enters the ring. He has for a sparring partner in his exercise Dan Creedon, the Australian, who professes to know all of Mitchell's ring tricks. The training party who occupy The Cottages consist of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Corbett and Miss Howard, W. A. Brady, Corbett's manager; Billy Delaney, trainer, and Mrs. Delaney; John McVey, Dan Creedon, Tom Tracy, John Donaldson, Joe and Tom Corbett (younger brothers of the champion), Joseph Egan, the accountant and secretary, and the father of Mrs. Corbett. They will all remain until the fight is over. "In training," said Corbett, "I don't follow the old foolish custom of striking my stomach and my body. I eat just about what I am accustomed to eat when I'm not in training, but I do it carefully and systematically. I stop smoking the day I begin to train; smoking isn't good for the nerves. I drink a bottle of ale or beer whenever I feel like it. The sole object is to get rid of superfluous flesh, and to have my physical condition as nearly perfect as possible on the day of the fight."

Mitchell is not doing a great deal of talking, but has concluded that to win he must be fit and well, and he is leaving no stone unturned to accomplish that end. He has been giving exhibitions, having Jack Fogarty, of Philadelphia, as sparring partner, and in training he will be looked after by Harry Darrin, the English runner. Should Mitchell come off victorious, he will surprise all the sports in the country. It is safe to predict that he will give Corbett the toughest battle he ever had or ever will have.

All the pugilists are endeavouring to follow the footsteps of John L. Sullivan, by adopting the stage as a money-making scheme. Billy Plimmer, the Birmingham feather-weight, and George Dixon are each the attraction of a combination, and the respective managers of the men are doing their utmost to injure the rival show. Since Plimmer was given the decision over Dixon in a six round contest at Madison Square Garden,, Tom O'Rourke, manager of the coloured lad, has used every effort to injure the Englishman's chances to make money. When the pair boxed six rounds it was generally supposed that the winner would receive sixty-five per cent. of the net receipts. O'Rourke managed the show, and Plimmer, as a winner, only got about £60 for his share, notwithstanding the fact that one newspaper man, for booming the show, was given close on to £300. It was estimated that the receipts amounted in total to £1,500, and the treatment meted out to Plimmer by O'Rourke was outrageous. As an attraction for Plimmer's show, the management offer £20 to any feather weight who stays four rounds with the Englishman, and it was at one performance that O'Rourke accepted on behalf of Dixon to contest the ownership of the £20. Plimmer wisely declined to take Dixon on, and a controversy is now in progress which shows indications of a match being made in the near future. Plimmer can fight at 110lb (7st 12lb), and agrees to make a match at 114lb (8st 2lb) but Dixon wants the match at 115lb, and weigh about ten hours before entering the ring. How the matter will be settled is difficult to say, I can only state that Plimmer in justice to himself should not concede weight to a man of Dixon's merit unless he is prepared to take the off chance for success, because 3lbs advantage with little men practically means a win, providing they are equally mated as to science and reach.

Dixon has offered John T. Griffin £200 to meet him in a six-round bout in New York in February, but the latter demands a finish fight for a substantial purse or stake.

George Godfrey (coloured heavy weight) and Alex Greggains, middle weight, are to fight to a finish with 4oz-gloves at the Metropole Athletic Club rooms at Providence next month. The winner to receive 65 per cent. of the receipts.

The decision in the case of Martin Costello, the Buffalo, indicted for participating in a glove fight under the auspices of the Columbian Club at Roby, Ind., has created considerable surprise. Costello was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, and pending a motion for a new trial he was released upon furnishing bonds to the extent of £200. He failed to appear when the motion for a new trial was heard, and forfeited his bond. The authorities, however, declare that regardless of the forfeited bond they will secure Costello, and force him to serve his term out. The other cases have been continued until the next term of court.

There is some talk of Ted Pritchard coming over here, provided he is allowed expenses, to fight Dan Creedon for a purse and a side bet. The latter states that he is prepared to give or take expenses to fight Pritchard for £500 a side in America or England if a suitable purse is guaranteed. Creedon stipulates that in meeting Pritchard in England he would prefer having the match decided under the auspices of the National Sporting Club of London.

"Pony" Moore, father-in-law of Charley Mitchell, sends word that he will sail from England January 4, in order to be present at the fight at Jacksonville.

Ike Weir, the Spider, is getting back to his old form again, and seeks a match with George Dixon. ELM.

# DEATH OF WILD BILL.

## A Cowardly Assassin Shoots Him in the Back.

### The Famous Plainsman's Last Days, told by L. Richardson.

### The Murderer Followed Through the Courts to the Scaffold by Charlie Utter, Bill's Pal.

Of all the noted plainsmen ever seen in America, the most courageous was Wild Bill, who during his life knew not fear and was the boss of all the terrors of the West. Since the death of Bill there never has been an accurate report of his life published, but through the courtesy of Mr. Leander Richardson we can give his version of the affair. He says: "The last days of Wild Bill's life in Deadwood were interesting. I know all about them, because I was there. I was the guest of Wild Bill and his partner and lived with them. The partner was a natty, handsome, courageous little man named Charles Utter. He was called Colorado Charley, and was the dandy of that country. He wore bearded moccasins, fringed leggings, and coat, handsome trousers, fine linen, revolvers, mounted in gold, silver, and pearl, and a belt with a big silver buckle. He was blond, with long hair, and a moustache and imperial, and 'Calamity Jane,' who bossed a dance-house, had it as her sole ambition, aside from the consumption of all the red liquor in the gulch, to win him. Mr. Utter had one habit that was rather startling in that community. He took a bath every morning, and people used to come out and view the process with interest not wholly unmixed with wonder.

"Charley Utter and Wild Bill (whose real name, by the way, was J. B. Hickock) used to live across the creek from the main part of the settlement, which at that time consisted of two lines of shanties along the sides of an irregular mass of stumps and mud, which formed the solitary thoroughfare. Utter slept in a tent, between fine California blankets, and he had a real mirror, and real combs, brushes, razors and wisp brooms. Bill was less finicky about his quarters. He slept in a big canvas-covered waggon, rolled up in an army blanket. Every morning, just before breakfast, he used to crawl out, clad in his shirt, trousers, and boots, tie his hair in a knot at the back of his head, shove his big revolver down inside the waistband of his trousers, and run like a sprinter down the gulch to the nearest saloon. In a few minutes he would come strolling back, with a cocktail or two stowed away where it would do the most good, and would complete his toilet.

"It is true that he played cards a good deal. But he could not have cheated a blind baby. Almost every day his partner used to 'stake' him to card money. If he ever won nobody knew it. And, besides, the crowd that was congregated in Deadwood City in those early days was a fine sort of gathering for a poker sharp to daily with. It was probably by all odds the toughest outfit ever brought together in one community. Virginia City, Pioche, Cheyenne, Laramie, and all the other choice spots of the West poured the most effulgent of their star criminal citizens into Deadwood Gulch, and of the 14,000 or so inhabitants in August, 1876, about 10,000 would have started out large beads of cold, apprehensive sweat upon the stone walls of any penitentiary in the world. They were a cowardly, skulking crew at that. One afternoon, Bill, Utter, and I were walking along the street when a row began in one of the shanties that did duty as a saloon. Everybody rushed in.

"'Wait a minute,' said Bill. 'Pretty soon somebody in there will pull a pop, and you'll see 'em come out.'

"Pretty soon somebody did pull a pop, and the crowd came out. They came so fast that they brought the whole front of the building with them. Bill said he thought it was a breach of hospitality for a man's guests to carry away the bulk of his house like that.

"At night, over in camp, we used to have supper along about sundown. There was generally elk meat, or bear steak, or, once in awhile, beef, fried potatoes, flapjacks, and coffee. Utter usually did the cooking, while Bill sat around and smoked, and indulged with his partner in that kind of repartee which abounds on the frontier, and consists chiefly of bold and ingenious profanity. Sometimes California Joe, a long-whiskered old fellow, who would have instantly shot anybody who dared show him the celebrated greeting, 'Good morning! Have you used So'n'so's soap?' would come over to sup, and would afterward go stertorously to sleep, sitting on the ground with his back against a tree. And there was 'Bloody Dick,' who never saw blood excepting on the moon, and who started to ride Utter's Pony Express, and may be he has come back by now. Then, too, there were other droppers in, for Utter was hospitality itself, and he could cook in a way that entitles him to a high place in the heavenly culinary department. If there is such a department. After supper the pipes were lighted and Bill would tell stories—stories of New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, and other cities, where his companions had never been. Whenever any of them ventured to express a doubt as to his veracity, he would turn to me and ask me if he hadn't adhered strictly to the facts. I always said that he had rather understated than embroidered the situation. I love truth, but I do not yearn to obtrude my preferences so far away from home. They were great stories that Wild Bill told, and as his other hearers knew nothing about them, and I didn't contradict him, he had a pretty fair margin for the play of his imagination.

"I first met Wild Bill the day I reached Deadwood City with a letter of introduction to Utter from his brother, whom I had met on the way in at Johnny Bowman ranch, on Hat Creek. I was up there partly for experience and partly for a journalistic kindergarten called the *Springfield Republican*. Mr. Utter received me with wide open hospitality, and we started out to hunt up his partner. It was about the middle of a bright, sunny afternoon, and we found Wild Bill sitting on a board which was lying on the ground in front of a saloon. His knees were drawn up in front of him as high as his chin, and he was whittling at a piece of wood with a large pocket-knife.

"'Get up, Bill,' said Utter. 'I want you to shake hands with a friend of mine.'

"Wild Bill slowly arose. He came up like an elevator, and he came so high that I thought he was never going to stop. He was unusually tall, and quite spare as to flesh, but very brawny and muscular. His skin was pallid from the use of powerful mineral drugs, and his greyish eyes, which were just beginning to regain their power after almost being blinded altogether by a terrible illness, were rather dull and expressionless in repose. One day afterwards I saw them glitter with a sudden ferocity that was strangely luminous, and I realised what this man must have looked like when his blood was up. But, at our meeting, when he folded my hand in his big, strong fingers, his face was almost expressionless, and his eyes were more or less leaden.

"We walked about the town from time to time, and saw the sights. There were plenty of them to see—shooting scrapes, stabbing affairs, a lynching, fisticuffs, and various kinds of affinities of high and low degree. Two men, one afternoon, had a duel with six-shooters across the street. They were not good marksmen, and nobody was hurt, but during the whole fusillade Bill stood near the belligerents, passing derisive remarks on their lack of ability to hit anything, and apparently as unconcernedly amused as if the fighters had been merely throwing soft boiled potatoes at each other.

"Later in the week, long after midnight, we were lounging at the end of the bar, when a row broke out. The proprietor of the place produced a sawed-off shotgun, loaded about eight inches deep with various missiles of destruction, and ordered the room cleared. I started to go with the rest, but Bill's heavy hand on my shoulder held me fast. When the room was empty, Bill said: 'Young man, never run away from a gun. Bullets can't travel faster than you can. Besides, if you're going to be hit, you had better get it in front than in the back. It looks better.'

"Poor Bill got his in the back after all.

"He was a most wonderful master of the old-fashioned, thumb-cocking army revolver. I have tossed an empty tomato can twelve or fifteen feet in the air and he has hit it with two bullets from the same weapon before it struck the ground. He could shoot quite as well with his left hand as with his right, and he was so sure of whatever he went after that once in Hayes City, it is said, when he killed two negro soldiers, who came in to 'do him up,' he wanted to bet there wasn't an inch of difference in the spots where he shot them.

"I said to him one morning, as he was lying at full length on a big log in front of Utter's tent, 'How can a man who is being shot at by two or three other men retain such complete control of his nerves as to shoot back with accuracy?'

"'Well,' he replied after a pause, as if he had never given the matter much thought, 'when a man really believes the bullet isn't moulded that is going to kill him, what in hell has he got to be afraid of?'

"Wild Bill was everything but a ruffian, under ordinary conditions. It was strange to note the control in which he was held by Utter. I was never quite able to decide to my own satisfaction whether Utter amused or awed him. But certainly I never heard anybody take 'roastings' with as little concern as that with which Bill used to take the fierce tongue-lashings of his dudesque little partner. I suppose, perhaps, they fully understood each other, and knew perfectly well that behind all the words there was an impenetrable wall of manly affection.

"Utter's greatest hobby was neatness, a thing which most plainsmen knew nothing of. He positively would not permit Wild Bill or California Joe, or 'Bloody Dick,' or any of the rest of them to enter his tent. That, he declared, was a shooting point with him. One day Bill did not get home until after breakfast was over and everybody gone. He brought with him a very superior article of Deadwood jag, and Utter's fine blankets, seen through the open flaps of the tent, were more of a temptation than he could endure. Pretty soon the big fellow was snoring calmly, rolled up in Utter's bedclothing, and there we found him, Utter and I, when we came over to camp an hour or two later. 'Colorado Charley' was at first amazed by the presumption of his partner. For a moment he stood and fervently cursed the unconscious sleeper, and then, catching him by the heels, dragged him bodily out of the tent upon the ground. After that he ran in, pulled out his blankets, and hung them upon the surrounding trees, all the time straining his vocabulary for fresh epithets to hurl at the offender. During the whole proceeding Bill stared at him with lazy lethargy, and then, with a parting grunt, climbed into his waggon and went peacefully to sleep again.

"Deadwood City, full to overflowing with thieves, assassins, 'skin' gamblers, and other elements of disorder, was rapidly coming to the point where some sort of government was necessary. At such times on the frontier there is always a struggle, and usually a hand-to-hand combat, between the lawless and the orderly classes. Wild Bill had been Marshal in other and similar places, and people began to talk of him for Marshal of Deadwood. That outcome, everybody knew, would mean a short shrift for crooks and disturbers.

"In the town there was a man named Jack McCall living under an alias. He was in the condition technically known as 'stone broke.' The agitation of the marshalship was growing warm. The thieves and 'skins' saw their inevitable end drawing near. It began to go around that Wild Bill could never hold office in Deadwood City. A rumour reached Utter that the big plainsman, who had ruled half a dozen towns, was to be assassinated That evening he came over to camp looking serious.

"'Bill,' said he, after supper, 'it's pretty dull around here, don't you think?'

"Wild Bill nodded, looking into the fire.

"'I've been considering,' resumed Utter, 'that we might as well take a move.'

"'So? Where to?'

"'Well, it might be a good scheme to organise a little party,' continued Utter, persuasively, 'and go over to Standing Rock and cut out some ponies.'

But By 'cutting out ponies' Utter meant the swooping down of a few white men upon a herd of Indian ponies, driving them off and selling them—a plan which, in the easy morality of the prairie, is perfectly legitimate where Indians are concerned.

"Bill was silent."

"'We will go along,' resumed Utter, urgently, 'and so will Richardson (I wasn't so sure about that), and a dozen others. Will you go?'

"'Not a d—d foot.'

"'Why not?'

"'Well, those fellows over across the creek have laid it out to kill me, and they're going to do it, or they ain't. Any way, I don't stir out of here, unless I'm carried out.'

"That was when I saw the quick flash of ferocity in Wild Bill's eyes.

"The conversation ended at this point. Everybody knew it was useless to argue

with Wild Bill when his mind was set, and so everybody went on about his business as before. Two days afterward those fellows over across the creek carried out their proposition.

"Five men, among them Wild Bill, were playing draw poker in a shanty saloon. Standing about were a dozen others looking on. Bill's back was toward the door. Seated next him to the left was an elderly man with his back against the wall. Something had been said about his changing seats with Bill, and after that hand the exchange would have occurred. Human life hangs on slender threads. With his back to the wall Wild Bill would have been safe enough, because few men would have dared to attack him openly.

"Suddenly, without a word of warning, without even the knowledge of those standing nearest to him, an undersized man right behind Bill's chair, a man whom Bill had never seen in all his life, shoved a six-shooter to his head and fired. There was a muffled report, Bill partly straightened up, and then fell over sideways dead. The undersized man ran out. The elderly player dashed through the back door and up the side of the gulch, shouting, 'Murder!' The town was in an uproar. There was a 'miners' jury,' consisting almost solely of skin gamblers, to sit on the case. To them the assassin told a prearranged story of how his only brother had been shot by Wild Bill, and how he had nobly avenged that brother's death. It was all a wild farce, that trial, just as Utter and his friends knew it would be, and the murderer was set free. Until now he had been absolutely without money. In a few days he turned up in Laramie City with plenty of free gold in his possession, and boastfully declaring that he had slain Wild Bill in single combat. Where did he get the gold?

"McCall was arrested and taken to Yankton. Utter pursued him to the very scaffold, furnished the witnesses, paid their expenses out of his own pocket, and fairly convicted the wretched coward, who snivelled and whined like a horse whipped hound when it came to the final show down. Utter was faithful to his old friend to the last. Wild Bill was buried at Utter's expense. It is a late day to plaster the mud of falsehood over the memory of this fallen giant of the frontier.

"A lock of the dead man's hair was cut off after his body had been prepared for burial. Utter took half of the long brown strand and I have the other half to this day. It is as glossy as spun glass and as soft as down. Near the roots there is just a touch of roughness, where the life blood of a brave, great-hearted American man gushed out as the assassin's bullet burst through his brain."

## PRIZE FIGHT NEAR LONDON.

**Bill Connelly beats Jim Whitnal on Christmas Day for £25.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A prize fight in the old style took place on Christmas Day between Bill Connelly, of Bermondsey, and Jim Whitnal, of Edmonton, for a purse of £25. The match was decided before a few friends of the principals near London. Connelly had for his seconds Jack Albury and Jack Hullett, whilst Ben Jordan and Tom Collins did their utmost for Whitnal, a well-known sportsman in Bermondsey being elected timekeeper and referee. All being in readiness, the lads entered the ring for the fight. In the first round Whitnal stood well over his man, but had not the air of confidence that beamed from the face of Connelly. Both men went for the face, and in some ding-dong exchanges Connelly got his left heavily on Jim's eye, a short round ending by Whitnal going down. During the four succeeding rounds Connelly displayed his superiority by badly punishing his adversary about the face, closing up his damaged eye. In the ninth round Connelly landed his right on the neck, bringing Whitnal down. The blow practically settled the match, which continued through to the twenty-second round, when the seconds of Whitnal wisely hoisted the signal of distress and Connelly was declared the winner. The battle was fought with the utmost fairness and without an appeal from either side.

## A HOLIDAY CELEBRATION.

**Bristol Exchange Brokers on a Lark.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The *Evening Sun*, London, December 22, says:—"There was an exciting scene on the Bristol Corn Exchange yesterday afternoon, on an attempt being made, as at two Christmas markets, to introduce football. The merchants were opposed to the practice, and cut the ball three minutes after the game was started. The affair appeared over, when thirty policemen entered. The police were hissed, and a loaf of bread was thrown. The police then began, against the protestations of the merchants, to clear the Exchange. Blows were given and returned. About 1,000 people were assembled. Five merchant traders and millers were arrested, amid much excitement, but were admitted to bail."

## THINGS THEATRICAL.

Rosina Vokes' abandonment of her tour in the United States and her return to England were decided upon only after a consensus of the opinions of the best physicians that she could not again perform in public. She has been ill all the season, and has been warned repeatedly to give up playing, but she clung to her work with indomitable perseverance and pluck. Much of her anxiety about her season was due to her desire to keep the people of her company employed, as they had been with her, almost without exception, for many years. It is likely that she will go to Switzerland and try the climate there, after she has visited her children in Devonshire. The change in the famous comedienne's appearance is most remarkable. She has wasted away to a mere shadow. Experienced stage people laugh at the opinions of Miss Vokes' physicians that her case is hopeless. They believe that the mental torture arising from an unsuccessful season, in the hard times, would wreck any constitution, but that after the comedienne has shaken off the cares of her work she will recuperate rapidly, in the fashion of many other famous actresses in similar circumstances. Of the original Vokes' family, Rosina is the only one still on the stage. Jessie and Fred are dead, and Victoria and Fawdon are in retirement in England. It may be that Rosina's present retirement will be permanent.

* * *

Miss Maria Jones, who for some years past has been connected with the Gaiety Theatre, died in London, December 28. In the early part of last week a complaint from which she occasionally suffered developed somewhat seriously, but neither she nor her friends apprehended a fatal result. Miss Jones was playing the part of Donna Inez in "Don Juan." She was also very successful in the part of Martha in "Faust Up-to-Date." She had been a popular favourite in some of the Strand burlesques before she was induced to join the Gaiety company by Mr. George Edwardes. She made quite recently a short tour with Mr. E. J. Lonnen in Australia, where she also met with considerable favour.

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Bessie Bellwood is singing nightly at Koster and Bial's concert hall, New York City. It is said that the management will not permit her to utilise many expressions which delighted our frequenters of music-halls. In the company there engaged for the winter season are Sandow, The Hercules, Madge Shirley, and Clara Quality.

* * *

Charlie Ross, who a few years ago was a favourite dancer at the Gaiety, and who has more recently appeared at several of the London music-halls, died of decline, at Cardiff, on Christmas Day. He was only twenty-four years of age, and had been lying ill at Cardiff for eight weeks. His real name was William George Gant. He had already gained brilliant success in his profession, and was in his private life cheerful and bright, being much beloved by all who knew him. He started professional life with his father, Mr. Gant, in Mr. Hamilton's company at the Amphitheatre, Holborn, while almost a boy, and has since been through all the music-halls of London.

* * *

Lottie Collins is scoring quite a success in the States with a Vaudeville company, composed partly of American talent.

* * *

Sir Augustus Harris denies that the Drury Lane Theatre is to be torn down, and that "Robinson Crusoe" will be the last pantomime held at that house. He says:—"His Grace the Duke of Bedford has kindly agreed to renew my tenancy, and it only remains for certain formalities—such as making plans, &c.—to be carried out before I receive the lease, which I have been officially notified is being prepared."

* * *

The funeral of Mr. Henry Pettitt, the playwright, took place on December 29 at West Brompton Cemetery, in the presence of a large number of friends connected with the theatrical world. Amongst the followers were Messrs. Harry Nicholls, Charles Warner, G. R. Sims, and W. Rignold.

* * *

Mr. Irving has locked up in his desk a play specially written for him by the late Mr. Wills, founded on the adventures of "Don Quixote." Mr. Irving was always fascinated by the part of the Knight of La Mancha, and the play would long ago have been produced but for the fact that there is in it no part suitable for Miss Ellen Terry.

* * *

On board *The Gothic*, which sailed from London, December 28, bound for New Zealand, was a small company despatched by Mr. George Edwardes to South Africa in order to produce, under the direction of Mr. Levenson, "Morocco Bound," "A Gaiety Girl," "Nitouche," "Miss Decima," and "In Town" at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Pietermaritzburg, Durban, and Johannesburg, during a six months' tour. *The Gothic* is due to arrive at the Cape on January 19.

* * *

Mr. E. J. Lonnen works as hard as ever as O'Hooligan, and is materially assisted now at times by Mr. J. F. Sheridan, the American, who gives a repetition practically of himself in his numerous middle-aged Hibernian lady parts. Miss Yohe continues to be attractive, and Miss Maud Leicester looks a perfect picture, and makes one wish that she had some opportunity given to her to distinguish herself.

The music-halls in London have done exceedingly well during holiday week. The Alhambra Boxing night audience is conceded to have eclipsed the remarkable gathering there on Boatrace night. So many encores were indulged in at the Empire on the same evening that it was nearly midnight before the capital programme was got through. Miss Clara Wieland's mirror dance won fresh admirers; the dramatic ballet, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," aroused quite a Jingo demonstration.

* * *

Mr. G. H. Chirgwin, the inventor of the "White-eyed Musical Kaffir," has been royally welcomed back to the music-hall stage at the Royal, Holborn.

* * *

The new London Theatre of Varieties, Shoreditch, on Boxing Night had an enthusiastic send-off. Every part of the building was crowded, and such favourites as Mr. Charles Coborn, Miss Jennie Valmore, Professor Duncan's collies, and Mr. Millis, the ventriloquist, had a magnificent reception.

* * *

Bob Hinnis, well known as an end man at Moore and Burgess Minstrels, died recently of consumption.

* * *

Christmas week proved a disastrous one to many singers. Mr. Charles Godfrey only put in an appearance at one hall on Boxing night, being too ill to continue. Mr. Charles Coborn was laid up on Wednesday, when Mr. Walter Andrews successfully deputised for him. Mr. Lee Dryden was not at the Royal on Boxing night, but Mr. Frank Coyne, doing duty for him, made his mark, and has been retained by Mr. Arthur Swanborough for the holidays. Other invalids have been Mr. Charlie Deane, Miss Lizzie Howard, Mr. Harry Brett, Miss Elsa Joel, Miss Nellie Richards, and Mr. Harry Atkinson. Mr. Eugene Stratton has been compelled to miss the Westminster Gatti's.

* * *

Amusement enterprises were well patronised on Bank Holiday, 25,446 persons going to the Crystal Palace, 4,476 to the Natural History Museum, 10,937 to the South Kensington Museum, 62,987 to the World's Fair, and a very large number to Horniman's Free Museum at Forest Hill.

* * *

Portraits of footlight favourites will appear in The Mirror of Life from time to time.


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The Mirror of Life is published every Wednesday by The Albion Publishing Company, 208, Fleet Street London, E.C.